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THE WELCOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I reached my home, or once 'twas mine,
As night her dusky veil drew down;
The changing years had numbered nine
Since I had left this quiet town.

From boyhood on to man's estate
I swift had strode since that far day,
When I had passed with heart elate
Out to the world's wild calls away.

And now the friends who rested here
Throughout my absence, would they greet
My coming as the thing most dear—
Or in what measure should we meet?

I neared the porch, grave cheer it wore,
Familiar seemed the pleasant spot,
I entered at the open door,
And gave my hand, they knew me not.

The house dog, Ben, my movements scanned,
Looked in my eyes with curious craft,
Then dropped his head, and licked my hand,
And shook his shaggy sides and laughed.

MARIE S. LADD.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.*

CHAPTER I.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN'S VOTARY.

THE SEVEN SPIRITS.

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay!
Before thee at thy quest their Spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

—Manfred.

Room!

The distant village clock tolls one! start-
ling the echoes of the vast forest of dark
pines which mantles the feet of the Riesen-
gebirge, or Giant Mountains, the stupendous
range of granite peaks that separates Bohe-
mia from Silesia.

One!

The gray owl pauses in its drear flight,
and flapping his ghostly wings, swoops down
to the sere and ferny ground; the blunder-
ing, leather-winged bat flutters into his hol-
low tree, the skulking fox runs to earth, as
borne along upon the rustling night breeze
float sounds of eldritch laughter as of view-
less and unearthly scoffers.

The moon has gone down, but the lone,
bright planets distil their cold, glimmering
rays through the pure mountain air, faintly
illuminating the grassy patch of open ground
in the depths of the grim wood, on which a
solitary forester is watching through the
noon of night, leaning upon his long, gleam-
ing rifle, as silent and motionless as a statue.

There is something strangely awe-inspiring
in the aspect of this mysterious man; his
weather-beaten, sun-swarf face is dark as
tan; his eyes, deep-set beneath his shaggy,
beetling brows, are ebony black, and glow
with a fierce and fiendish light; his thin,
scornful lips twitch under his heavy, black
mustache, and his long black hair rains
down upon his broad shoulders in ringlets as
rich, silken, and luxuriant as a woman's.

He was dressed in a long doublet of green
stuff, trimmed with black velvet and gold
lace; his leggings were of untanned deer-
skin, and to the knee encased in high boots;
a large slouch hat, from which depended a
heavy, black plume, fastened by an *nigrette*
set with a costly ruby, was pulled close down
over his lowering brow. He was girdled with
a broad, black belt, from which hung his
game-bag, his powder-horn, a pouch, and a
silver bugle.

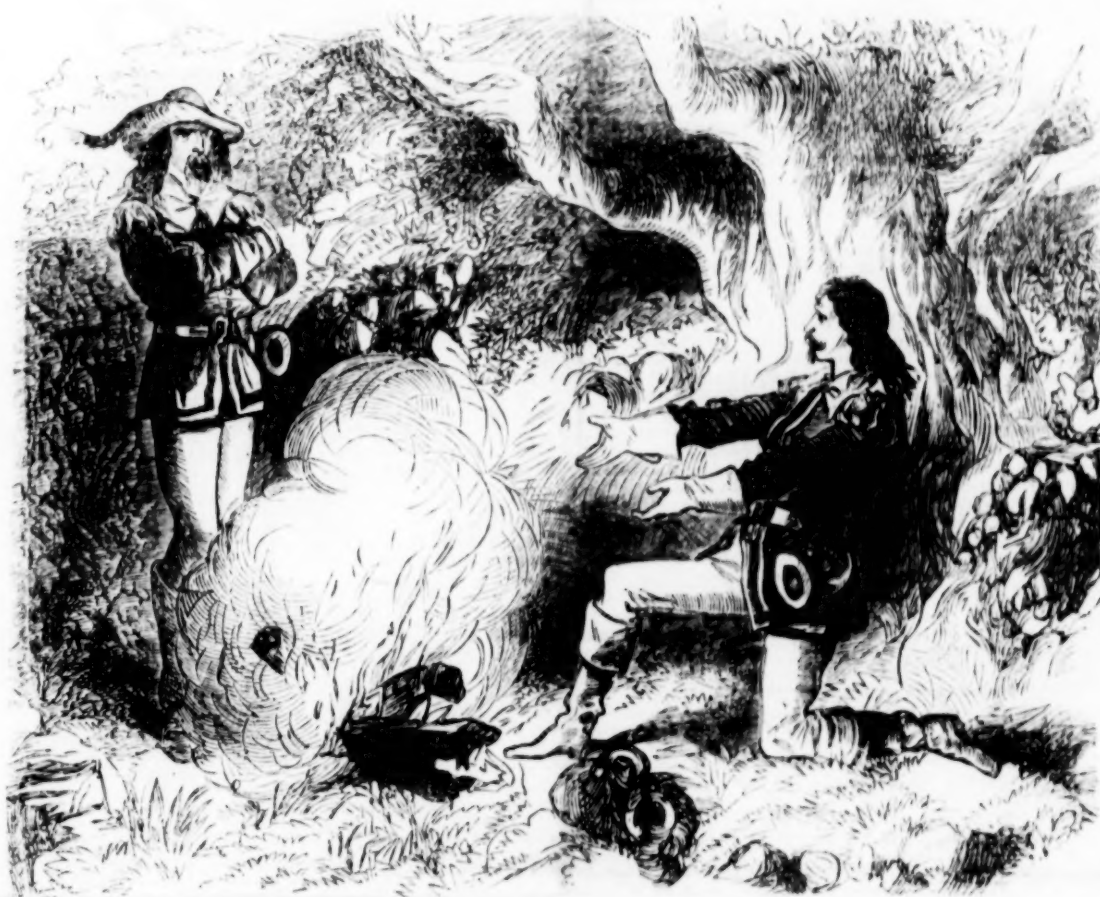
As the wild, demoniac whoop rattle on his
startled ear he turned affrighted, and duff-
ing his hat, stood ghostly pale, and trembling
violently.

"The Dark Huntsman and his hellish rout
are abroad!" he muttered in a low, husky
voice. "How the mocking fiends exult at
mortal anguish, Caspar—Caspar!" he ejacu-
lated aloud, smiting his breast, and heavily
groaning. "Can it be possible that time has
passed so quickly! Seven years! They are
fled like the lightning's flash! It seems but
yesterday—yesterday! I have enjoyed no
yesterday! Now—but—now, I entered upon
my dread compact with the juggling spirit,
Fiend, lying fiend! my term has not expired.
Seven years of prosperity, no—no! A fever-
ish, fleeting dream and I awake; but how?
To the consciousness that I am anathema—
lost, body and soul! given to the fiend!"

Cold beads of sweat broke forth upon his
wrinkling brow, and in mortal despair he
twined his writhing fingers through his black
locks.

"Spirits of the air! Powers of the far
empyrean!" he exclaimed, sinking upon one
knee, and wildly clapping his trembling
hands. "Ye dark mysterious agencies who
rule the elements and sway the destinies of
wretched man! Hear me! I conjure ye by
the potent spell taught me by that venerable
adept who was your master. I invoke ye,
spirits, that lesser than the Ministers, are
still the foes of evil, are the workers of
good! By the high promise of my birth-
right, which is pledged, not forfeited; by my
deep vows of penance and repentance, by
your antagonism against the powers of dark-
ness, save me!"

*Note.—The wild Bohemian Legend of *Der Wild-
schuetze* has had a wide-spread popularity—the
opera of that name being founded upon it. In the present
story, the author has drawn from the various
melodramatic and operatic versions.]



"BEFORE HIM LOOMED THE DREAD FORM OF THE WILD HUNTSMAN."

Burying his face in his hands, he remained
upon his knees, shuddering convulsively.
The owl hooted, the fox barked, the dry
leaves whirled by on the toying wind, but all
else was dumb as marble.

He tried to make the sign of the cross, but
felt his arm wrenched fiercely back; he
looked around, but he was alone—nothing
visible in the clear starshine but the gloomy
woodland.

"Good angels flee from me; they will not
answer," he murmured in torment of soul.
"It is my own volition, my hard pride, my
seething passions of self-love, revenge, and
hatred that repel them. Why, then? To
you I appeal, arch-rulers of evil, pass by so
mean a quarry as this worm of earth, though
but in disdain, snatch me from the grasp of
this wood demon, your inferior—half-man,
half-devil—hear me, oh pity me!"

"Ho—ho—ho—Ho! Ho—ho—ho—Ho!"

The dark glades rang with wild, fiendish
laughter.

"They mock me!" growled Caspar, through
his gnashing teeth. "I defy them! My
term has not yet expired. I have still time.
Another long, long day! I am no 'prentice.
I know the spells. To-morrow my star is in
the ascendant. I will obtain another respite
by the sacrifice of another victim. More
blood!—more horrors! But it is too late
now; my heart is hardened as a granite rock.
Come what will I will do it! Yes, yes, to-
morrow night in the Wolf's Glen, I will cast
the seven charmed bullets! Six shall go
true, the seventh he may rue! What has
been done before must be done again. The
sure necessity to repeat the crime is the in-
evitable penalty of guilt. But who shall be
my victim? Who but Wilhelm?—Wilhelm,
whom I hate!—Wilhelm, who supplanted
me in Bertha's love—Wilhelm, who is my
rival, and my adversary—whom I envy and
abhor! The saintly sycophant! I will ruin
him! The gaudy Mayfly! I will entangle
his soul in the meshes—like a spider I will
weave my web for his destruction. Nerve
thyself, Caspar! Never didst thou more
need determination than at this crisis. The
morning is already breaking. To thy spells,
I am yet thy master, Zaniel—I can yet com-
pel thee to appear at my summons!"

He hurried from the spot, and plunging
into the brushwood, hastily gathered an
armful of dry sticks, sere leaves, and
withered fern, which he brought back to
the dingle.

Heaping these in a little pile upon the
ground, he took from his pouch some gun-
powder, which he scattered upon the fuel,
and then ignited it by means of flint and
steel.

Soon the dry, inflammable mass burst
into a bright flare which lit up the sur-
rounding trees with its crimson glare.
The forester then produced a selection of
herbs, and other essentials, culled for his
purpose, and cast them into the flame, at
the same time muttering some strange con-
juration in a jargon intelligible only to the
initiated.

By this time the sky had become overcast,
and the rising wind, reaching through the
waving branches of the gigantic firs, fanned
the fire-spluttering, smoky flare.

Caspar unsheathed his hunting dirk, waved
it thrice above his head, and in a low, im-
pressive monotone, chanted the following

INCANTATION.

"Huntsman dark who haun't'st this dell,
Hear and aid my potent spell:
Whether over wood and wold,
Thou dost thy dread revel hold;
On the raving tempest's rack,
With thy yelling hell-bound pack,
O'er the wood, theholt, the crag,
Chasing hard the spectral stag,
Through the lightning's livid flash,
'Mid the thunder's awful crash,
And the storm-rain's savage plash;
Whooping through the wilder night,
Lost wayfarers to affright,
As upon the hurdling blast
Speeds thy hell-horde—howling past!

Or, whether,
Zaniel, demon fell!
Lurk'st thou in some murky cell,
Throned among thy fiendish clan,
Working bane and death to Man,
Where'er thou art—in earth or air—
Hither at my call repair!
Answer! charm-compelled to hear!
It is thy master's will! Appear!"

As he concluded this invocation, the gale,
which before had blown with increasing
fury, ceased in an instant. Not a leaf
stirred, not a spray trembled. A strange
and supernatural calm prevailed, and a black
gloom closed around, causing the glare of
the fire to glow fiercer and more lurid red.

Caspar took a backward step; still clutch-
ing in his hand the flashing blade, he fixed
his eyes with breathless suspense and in-
tense interest upon the volume of smoke
that rolled heavily upwards, and now ap-
peared to assume a compact form. For an
instant it hung motionless as a cloud in a
dead calm, then it waited upwards, dis-
persing and vanishing in mist-like wreaths
through the dark tree-tops, and there be-
fore him, standing erect upon the red-hot
embers, loomed the dread form of THE WILD
HUNTSMAN.

Caspar quailed before those soul-search-
ing eyes that glowed like live coals, and
that dark, olive face, and that dread form,
half human, half fiend, so weirdly attired in
a deer-skin hunting dress, with the ac-
countrements of the chase, the pouch, the
dirk, the winding hagle, and the long, black
rifle. The unearthly being spoke in a hol-
low tone, which sent an icy thrill through
the listener's beating heart.

"Why am I summoned?"

Caspar sank upon one knee.

"Dread spirit," he gasped, "my term has
expired."

"Not yet."

"No; but to-morrow yields me to thy
power."

"Till then I am thy slave. What wouldst
thou?"

"Mighty Zaniel, I seek revenge upon a
rival whom I hate."

"I have no power upon his life."

"I seek not his life, or long since I had
shaken my thirst for vengeance in his blood.
He is a 'piger' like myself, a ranger of the
forest, one of the surest marksmen in all
Bohemia. I have bitter cause to hate him.
It was he who stepped between me and the
bride whom I adored with the fierce passion
of one whose impulses are irresistible as the

—Huntsman.

sweep of the catarract. He was accepted, I
rejoiced with disdain. Besides, he has won
the favor with the Grand Warden, has been
thrice crowned King of the Marksmen,
while I have toiled in the battle-field and on
the hunting-trail, and have had nought but
my labor for my pains. He is courted and
caressed, while I am shunned and hated.
Avenge me, Zaniel!"

"A fellow mortal, his life is in thy hands.
What wouldst thou more?"

"His bold heart shrinks not from death,
but would be crushed by shame and defeat.
Dark Power, extend my term, give me yet
seven years, and he shall be thy votary and
thy victim."

The demon laughed a hideous, scoffing
laugh.

"Man is our readiest agent in working out
his fellow man's perdition. Our strength is
in man's mortal weakness and human pas-
sion," said the fiend. "What wouldst thou I
should do?"

"Thou knowest my thoughts."

"I do not prompt thy thoughts. Command,
and I obey."

"Attend, Zaniel! To-morrow is the day
appointed for the annual competition for the
prize of a hundred ducats, and the triumph
which exalts the best shot to be 'King of the
Marksmen' of the remainder of the year.
The next day a yet higher prize is to be
contended for—the fair hand of Bertha von
Raubenzold, daughter of the hereditary
Grand Warden, commander of all the king's
jagers."

"Thou hast yet a day—thou art provided
with the charmed bullets of the FIREBROTHER
that never miss the mark. Why not enter
the lists thyself, and win the bride? Thy
vengeance will be complete."

"False Fiend! thou knowest the price
that must be paid for such a revenge,"
growled Caspar. "No, it is through him,
my rival, and my chosen lover, that I must
strike the death-blow to her cold, proud
heart. Hitherto, Wilhelm has borne the
palm. He stands unrivalled as a mark-
man. Exert thy power, and for one day rob
him of his skill. Let his arms be nerveless,
let his shots each fall, let him be whelmed
with confusion and disgrace, the butt of
ridiculous jests, the mark for scorn and pity.
And I will lure him to thy haunt; he shall
sign the compact, solve the dread mystery,
and purchase the unerring bullets at the
cost of that which is beyond all price. Will
thou accept him as a votary?"

"I will. Bring him to-morrow at mid-
night to the Wolf's Glen."

"Thanks, Zaniel."

"There, the fatal bullets shall be cast
under thy instructions; thou art the adept,
and he the neophyte. But beware! shouldst
thou fail, thou art lost; either he or thou
must be the victim. The moon will be
eclipsed, and the planets are in favorable
conjunction for thy purpose. But remem-
ber—

"Six balls shall go true."

"The seventh thou may'st rue!"

"Be mine the peril."

"Away, then. From the ring till the
setting of to-morrow's sun, Wilhelm, the
jager is spellbound; his shots will be aim-
less, his fair fame blasted. But I warn thee

that thou bringest thy victim at midnight
to the Wolf's Glen. Away!"

The last red spark amongst the white ashes
of the pyre flickered and became extinct.
The black firs waved around in the dim,
ghastly twilight of the dawn—the Demon
Huntsman had vanished!

Exhausted by his dread emotions, Caspar
cast himself upon the ground, and remained
as crushed and immobile as if stricken by a
thunderbolt, till he was aroused by the
sweet, clear, silvery tannaras of the jagers'
bugle-horns, merrily ringing through the
echoing forests a glad welcome to the
breaking day.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND.

The pretty and romantic village of Rau-
benzold was perched upon a rocky plateau
at the foot of the soaring Riesengebirge, and
commands a magnificent prospect of moun-
tain, river, and woodland from its tree-
crowned eyrie that overhung an extensive
and richly diversified tract of country, lovely
and picturesque beyond verbal description,
but which had formed the subject of many
a glowing painting by master hands. Never
had the mountain hamlet appeared to better
advantage than on the morning of the
eventful day, the various incidents of which
it will be our task to chronicle, gayly deco-
rated with garlands, streamers, and tri-
umphal arches; it was thronged by a bust-
ling, laughing crowd of hunters and villagers
in holiday attire. At the door of the prin-
cipal inn, a quaint old tavern, the sign of
"Der Holtschuetzer" or "Charcoal burner,"
a jovial party of gayly-dressed peasants, and
swart, manly looking huntsmen were clus-
tered around the portly, red-faced, jolly-
looking host.

"Come, come, Kit, let us have your ex-
periences," laughed one of the hunters,
clapping the Boniface on the shoulder. "Let
us hear what you have to tell about the ter-
rible *Schwarzwaldjager*—the Black Hunter that
haunts the forest. You say you have en-
countered that mysterious gentleman; favor
us with the particulars of your interview."

"Yes, yes," cried the rest in laughing
chorus. "Kit is the prince of story-tellers,
deeply skilled in the fable-lore—tell us a
tale of the Wild Huntsman!"

"Hist, you reckless, babbling block-
heads!" returned the old inn-keeper, start-
ling and glancing nervously around him.
"Who knows but at this moment the Wild
Huntsman may be at your elbow?"

"Ha, ha! certainly, Kit, he could not be
in better company," replied the hunter,
laughing. "But no such luck. I, for one,
should be glad to make acquaintance with a
personage of whom so much has been said
and so little seen. For my part, though I
have threaded the forest since I was big
enough to lift this rifle—long ere I had
strength or skill to use it—I have never met
with the demon."

"Nor I," rejoined another.

"No, nor I," a third asserted.

"And pray, gentlemen, who is this Black
Huntsman of whom you are speaking?"

This inquiry was made by a handsome
youth, dressed in the costume of a student
of one of the universities of Bohemia, and
bearing on his back a portfolio and a satchel
containing the necessary implements for
sketching and painting, and carrying in his
hand a long spiked staff for climbing the
precipitous acclivities of the mountain
range.

"Who asks such a question?" cried the
jager, turning in surprise. "Oh, 'tis you,
Meinher Reinhardt. You have but newly
arrived amongst us, yet I wonder that,
stranger as you are, you have not heard the
legend of the famous Wild Huntsman."

"Something of the story I have heard,
but not the particulars," replied the stu-
dent.

"Well, then, you must know, friend, that
many generations have passed since the
corps of the Royal Jagers or Huntsmen was
raised by one of the kings of Bohemia for
the purpose of hunting the bears, lizzards,
and ermines, that inhabit this vast forest
tract, for the sake of their furs and skins,
which form an important article of com-
merce, and a valuable source of revenue to
the government; as also, to serve as a mili-
tary force for the protection of the Silesian
frontier against the invasion of hostile
powers. The chief command of the king's
jagers was bestowed in the family of the
Baron von Raubenzold, who was created
hereditary grand warden of this district, and
it was stipulated that in case any lineal de-
scendant of the first baron should die without
male issue, but leaving a daughter as his
heirress, the hand of that young lady should
be given in marriage to the jager, who, in a
trial of skill, could prove himself to be the
best marksman of that day, and that he, the
fortunate competitor, should succeed to the
family title and the dignity of the grand
wardenship.

"Now, it happened that the fourth grand
warden died, leaving but one child—a fe-
male, who was fondly beloved by one of the
jagers, and that this man, in order to make
sure of winning the rich prize, made a com-
pact with the foul fiend, by whom he was
presented with seven charmed bullets which
could never miss the mark. That he won the
bride, but that, when his contracted term
had expired, his castle was destroyed by
a terrible thunder-storm, in which his
bride was killed, while he himself was car-
ried off by the enemy, and was condemned
to wander the forest with a ghostly pack of

hell-hounds in chase of a spectral deer, until the great day of doom.

"Village gossip says that, at certain seasons, especially upon the approach of some dreadful thunder-storm, he has been seen with his hellish crew flying along the clouds in full chase; and there is no more terrible omen of impending evil than the appearance of the dread Wild Huntsman!"

"An idle superstition," returned the student. "But I understand that the post of grand warden is at present open to competition, the baron having lately died, leaving no other child than the beautiful Bertha von Raubenzweig."

"It is so."

"And when is the day of trial?"

"To-morrow."

"And are there many candidates?"

"Three—Caspar, Wilhelm, and Killian—or, rather, I should say, two, since I hear that Caspar has withdrawn his claim."

"He has," replied several of the bystanders.

"Yet, Hermann, he always had a sneaking liking for the fair young baroness," one of the jagers remarked.

"That is true. It is passing strange that he should lose an opportunity of winning a prize which he has coveted so long. In my opinion, he is the only man who stands a chance of competing with Wilhelm."

"Still, Hermann, you must own that Killian is a formidable rival; he's a dead shot."

"Aye, when he keeps himself sober," returned the other, shaking his head. "But 'tis a hundred to one on Wilhelm's chance."

"But what of this Caspar?" asked the student.

"What sort of person is he?"

"Oh, a gloomy, morose fellow, whom nobody likes, and most folks hold in awe," was Hermann's reply. "Yet he is certainly a most wonderful shot. I never remember to have seen him miss the mark."

"Never—never," chorused the jagers.

"Yet he seldom displays his skill. But he is a mysterious person altogether; he keeps aloof from society, and even when he joins the hunt, seldom speaks to any of his comrades."

"And when he does wish him to be silent," rejoined another, "for there is something so provoking in his callous, sneering laugh, and his covert malice and sarcasm, that one is inspired with hate and fear when listening to him."

"I agree with you, Heinrich," said another, "yet he is deeply skilled in the wood-craft; he knows the secrets of nature, can name every herb and simple that grows in the forest or the field, and tell their virtues. And I have noticed that he is always foremost in the chase, and always in at the death when hunting the stag or the wild boar. When the very dogs are at fault he can strike the scent, and whenever he accompanies us on a day's sporting we are always successful, and return with our bags full of game."

"I should like to know more of this wondrous sportsman," said the student, smiling.

"You must introduce me to him, friend Hermann."

"The less you have to do with him the better," replied the jager, "though I doubt very much whether you could get him to fraternize with you. Since his suit was rejected by the young baroness, he has become more sullen and unapproachable than ever. But enough said about him! I never think of him without feeling a shudder of loathing."

"But if the trial shot is to be fired to-morrow, what is afoot that there is such a commotion, and so large a gathering in the village to-day?" asked the student.

"Why, are you not aware, Meinher Reinhardt, that to-day is the grand festival, when the 'King of the Marksmen' is to be chosen for the ensuing year?" returned the jager.

"More than usual interest pertains to the occasion, as to-morrow a prize of such great importance is to be contended for. But look, here come the candidates—huzza!"

"Huzza!" responded the crowd of hunters and peasants, with a tremendous waving of hats and handkerchiefs, as the lively strains of a rustic band of music, the two rival regiments, each surrounded by their respective friends and admirers, approached.

According to time-honored custom, the innkeeper's pretty daughter, Gretchen, decked out with ribbons and flowers, emerged from the door of the tavern, bearing in her hand a foaming tankard of lager beer, which she presented with a blush and an arch smile to Killian, who walked a little in advance of his rival.

A pre-eminently handsome fellow was the young scapegrace, as he stood in his neat and picturesque green dress, tankard in hand, bowing to the fair maiden, and the laughing and cheering bystanders. And though his fine features bore the marks of dissipation, his merry black eyes, his luxuriant locks, his white, gleaming teeth, and roguish smile, were sufficiently attractive to have made an impression upon a less sensitive heart than that of the sweet village beauty, who with downcast eyes blushed and curtsied before him.

"I drink health. Here's to thine own sweet eyes that beam on me like propitious stars that bode me bright success. Drink, and hail, fair Gretchen!"

The young jager raised the tankard to his lips, and imbued such a deep draught as Meinher von Dunk might not be ashamed of.

"I cannot wish you success, Killian," murmured the girl, softly, "for when you are Baron von Raubenzweig you will forget me, poor Gretchen, whom you have wooed and flattered so long, you false one."

"Bah! what care I for all the lovely ladies in Bohemia, in comparison with thee?" returned the young forger, drawing her aside, and imprinting a kiss upon her soft, rosy cheek. "Let what will be, warden, I will be King, my Gretchen. King of the Marksmen. Wish me good fortune, and my laurels are for your shrine alone."

"How can you so deceive me? Begone, false and heartless as you are!" returned the girl, pettishly. "Would you were as true to me as Wilhelm is to his high-born love. He is a noble youth, and worthy of the hand of a princess. Good fortune crown his efforts. I will drink to his success."

"Zounds!" muttered Killian; "tis the toss up a krenzer between love and ambition. But to be Grand Warden. Humph! how I wish you, sweet lips, could share my honors. But she's a shrew after all. Bless the little wren, I would not have her eyes upon me when I shoot to-morrow, not for all the charmed balls cast by the Wild Huntsman, if there are such things. Egad! I would like to grab just one of them."

Gretchen now advanced towards Wilhelm, and presented him the silver tankard with a pleasant smile.

Tall and stately, with long, fair hair, a silken, fair moustache, and bright blue eyes,

the forger was a model of manly strength and beauty.

"First bless the cup, pretty Gretchen," said Wilhelm, smiling. "You know the custom. Is it to me or my rival that you wish success?"

"To you, Meinher Wilhelm," returned the girl with unconscious fervor, as she slipped from the tankard. "May your aim be as true as your own love-troth; may your good fortune be as constant as your devotion to the lady of your heart. I drink and hail!"

"Thanks, gentle Gretchen," said Wilhelm, quaffing; "under such auspices I am fearless of defeat. And now, friends, to the bottle!"

With a loud huzza! the hunters and peasants forming themselves into procession, and preceded by the band of musicians, marched off in the direction of the wide, smooth lawn, surrounded by tents and platforms, and in the centre of which the targets had been set up.

Wilhelm lingered behind to chat with Hermann and Heinrich, and to shake hands with the student Reinhardt, and then the four set off to follow the crowd to the ground where the shooting match was to take place.

Wilhelm's air was composed and confident; his fine blue eyes shone with a proud, clear light; he carried his rifle with an easy poise, and stepped on with a firm tread.

As they were passing over a rugged piece of ground which had to be traversed on their way to the rifle butts, three magpies, which had for several moments been wheeling and chattering above their heads, suddenly alighted upon the eard of a little distance ahead, and forming in a line went jabbering and hopping in the van.

"Look, Wilhelm, at those cursed birds! There are three of them," said Hermann.

"Tis a bad omen."

"Aye; and they move to the left, that makes it worse," rejoined Heinrich, up-lifting his boarspear, as if about to scare away the feathered augurs of ill.

Wilhelm laughed gayly.

"Hold!" he said; "they say 'tis lucky if three magpies cross one's path. I'll clear one of them off the board, and then we shall avert ill consequences. I have not fired a shot to-day; I will see if 'Old Trusty,' my best rifle, is in good order. So!"

He cocked his rifle, raised it to his shoulder, and instantly blazed away.

But the three magpies only uttered a shrill scream, and rising on their glossy wings sped swiftly away.

"Not hit!" gasped Wilhelm, turning pale.

"No, bungler! What does this mean?" growled Hermann. "Here is your bullet, at least a rod aside the mark."

"You must fire better than that to-morrow, Master Wilhelm," rejoined Heinrich, bluntly, "or you will lose barony and baroness; and that tavern brawler, Killian, will win fair Bertha von Raubenzweig."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1898.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.00; Two copies \$3.00; Four copies \$5.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition. Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of payment. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different. In remitting, name at the top of your letter, and the fact of your club. If possible, please enclose a Post-office order on Philadelphia, or a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Company, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE. From our 400 subscribers at \$2.00 each, for 400 subscribers and 400 we will send either Grover & Baker No. 22, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2 Machine, price \$25. After Jan. 1, 1899, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 22 Machine, price \$25. It remains the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, in which he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address—**HENRY PETERSON & CO.,** 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss, as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH" and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

We commence a new story this week, which we think will please our readers.

Among the stories we have on hand is a new one by Louisa Mullbach, the German novelist, whose works have been so widely read of late.

We hope our old subscribers will try to give us a good lift, when they renew their clubs for the next year. And, in order to do so, they should commence raising their clubs at once.

The *cheapness* of THE POST, as compared with other papers of its class, should be brought to the notice of readers generally. Such a paper, at so low a price, should have 200,000 subscribers.

Mrs. Mary L. Hutchinson, the mother of the Hutchinson family of singers, died of paralysis at Milford, N. H., recently, aged eighty-three. She was the mother of sixteen children, to whom the musical powers with which she was naturally gifted were generally transmitted.

Longfellow's new volume, which has been announced, is entitled "The New England Tragedies," and contains two dramatic poems. One of them is based on the persecution of the early Quakers in New England, the other upon the witchcraft delusion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON AND OF HIS SON ROBERT STEPHENSON; comprising also a history of the invention and introduction of the railway locomotive. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," "The Huguenots," etc. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

MILDRED. A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, author of "Leslie Tyrell," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

MENTAL SCIENCE. A Compendium of Psychology, and the History of Philosophy Derived as a text-book for high-schools and colleges. By ALEXANDER BAIN, M. A., Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

THE FAIRIE QUEENE: Disposed into twelve books, fashioning XII moral virtues. By EDMUND SPENCER. To which is added his Epithalamion. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

JACOB FAITHFUL; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WATERMAN. By Captain MARIYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

JEM MORRISON, THE FISHER BOY. By Mrs. JOSEPH LAMB, author of "It isn't right," &c. Published by James S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

EDNA WILLIS; OR, THE PROMISE FULFILLED. By the author of "Stories for every Sunday in the Christian Year."

GRACE ROCHE'S LEGACY. By the author of "Margaret and her Friends." Two books published by James S. Claxton, Philadelphia.

DOTTY DIMPLE OUT WEST. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE LITTLE SPANIARD; OR, OLD JOSE'S GRANDSON. By MAY MANNERING. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC. For 1899. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

BARON LEO VON OBERG, M. D. A Story of Love Unspoken. From the German. By JOSEPH A. SIGMUND. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

HOW TO FURNISH AND ADORN A HOUSE WITH SMALL MEANS. By MRS. WARREN, author of "How I Managed my House on \$200 a Year," "Comfort for Small Incomes," etc. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

Make a Scrap-Book.

Every intelligent, progressive farmer, takes a paper. That is a fixed fact. It is to be hoped, too, that he has half-a-dozen journals, of one sort or another coming every month; but however that may be, when he reads them over he often says: "Now I wish I could remember that item, and put it in practice next season. I believe I will cut it out and save it somewhere." He does cut it out and put it in his vest pocket, or between the leaves of a book, or in some odd out of the way place, where there is little chance of his ever seeing it again.

Now, when he cut it out, he took a step in the right direction. Why did he not go a little further, and paste it into a scrap-book? Then it would have been permanently saved, and very convenient for reference. Preserving papers in files would save all the articles, but few would ever take the trouble to look all through them for some point they wished to read over again. It would seem too much like looking for the proverbial "needle in the hay-mow."

The scrap-book gives you the very cream of all your papers. There are usually only a few articles in each one which seem to have been written expressly for you, and you do not care to save those belonging to everybody else. You do not care to read the columns on bee-keeping, when you never owned a bee in your life; but probably your neighbor takes more interest in that department than any other. It is the beauty of a good paper that it has something in it for everybody.

The house mother can never buy as good a receipt book as she can make by carefully saving the useful recipes and suggestions she meets with in her weekly paper. The book should have a simple classification: the recipes for cooking should be placed by themselves; those for general housework may be placed in another part of the book—the same for directions on gardening, care of children, &c.

Such a book is a great means of economizing in the course of a year. Just the right thing in the right place often saves dollars of money and dollars' worth of time and trouble. Just such hints and directions we meet with from week to week in every good paper, and it is the carrying them out into practice that makes the difference between the thrifty, successful farmer and his opposite. Of course if they are forgotten they cannot be put in practice. The hand, unless it has been severely disciplined, is apt to hold knowledge much as a sieve does water. It needs many helps to make the memory useful. The very act of cutting out the slip and pasting it in, is a great help towards recalling it; and if the details are forgotten, there is the article itself—you can turn to it readily. Thus you can benefit by the experience of hundreds of people you have never seen, but who have kindly noted down their own success or failure in the various departments in which you are most interested.

WHICH WAS OF THE MOST PROFIT.—A rich nobleman, on showing a friend his large collection of precious stones and gems, that had been gathered by great labor and expense, remarked: "And yet they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him but ten dollars, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred dollars a year. The nobleman was very anxious to see such profitable stones, when his friend took him to his flour-mill, and pointed out the two homely mill-stones which yielded a larger income than all his jewels.

STRAWBERRIES.—There is a delightful prospect ahead for the lovers of the strawberry. A gentleman of Newark announces that with twenty years' cultivation he can raise strawberries as large as pineapples, which will retain all the delicacy of the fruit now grown. If this wonderful cultivation goes on successfully, how pleasant it will be to say to a friend who drops into tea on a June evening, "Will you take a slice of strawberry?"

Approaching and Receding Stars.

Among the stars, some are moving directly towards the earth, others are travelling directly away from us; but their distance is so great that thousands of years must elapse before we can detect any change in their position by the telescope. The determination of this fact has long been a question among astronomers, but now it has been accomplished by means of the spectroscopic method, and we make it known as a most important astronomical discovery. Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., whose spectroscopic investigations of stars and nebulae are well known, is able to determine with his instrument whether a star approaches or recedes. In the former case, the waves of light which come to us from the star appear somewhat shortened; in the other case, they appear lengthened. As a familiar illustration, when a boat is rowed against the wind, the ripples seem shorter to a person sitting in the boat, and longer when in the contrary direction. So with the waves of light; by the difference in the refrangibility of the light from the star, Mr. Huggins is enabled to determine whether the star is going or coming; and he has made known two interesting facts. One is, that the motion (if any) of the nebulae, whether from or towards the earth, is too slow to be detected by the spectroscopic method; and that Sirius, one of the brightest stars, is approaching our solar system at the rate of nearly thirty miles a second. Henceforth, we shall have a new series of star observations made by a method which is admirable for its ingenuity, and which can hardly fail to interest even the unscientific reader.

Painting "Beautiful Hair."

A young artist at the Tenth Street Studio Building became very much enamored with a beautiful lady who sat at a window on the opposite side of the street. He sent most thrilling eye-glances up to her window whenever he passed in or out of his studio. At length, one day, he saw her on the street, and running in breathless haste he reached her all panting, and gasped out, "Oh, miss, your lovely blonde hair; I am dying to paint it." The lady, with a quick movement, put her hand to her head, and then holding it out with her hair at arm's length, exclaimed, "Take it! there it is! send it back when you are through with it, and stop staring at my window; my husband is dreadfully jealous, and will thrash you for your impudence." The poor artist took the "lovely blonde hair," braided curls and all, to his studio, and next day sent them to their owner. He has not been on a chase for "blonde hair" since.

Dealers in Hair.

The custom of wearing the hair in Britain differs from that of other countries, and is not a little curious. The men here wear long hair flowing about in tresses; but not so the women, who do not regard it as an ornament. On the contrary, their hair is closely cut, and no part of the same is allowed to appear from beneath the cap. A girl who allows her hair to be seen, however fine or magnificent, would be considered to disregard what was due to the modesty of her sex. Dealers in hair perambulate the country, and on fete days purchase the crops of the peasant-girls, shearing them like so many sheep, for twenty sous, or a cotton handkerchief worth about twelve or sixteen sous, per head. These dealers are sometimes men, and sometimes women. They have a basket by their side, into which each crop of hair is thrown, after being tied in a wisp. The hair of the peasant-girls is remarkably fine, and generally of a black or dark color, though sometimes chestnut.

Mr. Park Harrison, a pains-taking meteorologist, in England, has made it clear to the Astronomical Society, that the heat reflected from the moon's surface affects our atmosphere, and consequently our weather. Many persons have remarked that the sky is clear about the time of full moon. The explanation is, that the reflected heat, being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapor, raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporate more freely. The difference of temperature between the greatest and least amount of heat reflected from moon and sun, and degrees of a fraction only; yet, small as it is, it appears to be sufficient to produce the effect of clearing our atmosphere.

The marvellous escape of Mr. N. E. Bragg, of Bangor, Maine, who fell from a three-story building a few days since, and escaped with a few bruises, was a pretty good illustration of the power of mind over matter. While making his descent, the idea took possession of his mind to place himself in as good a position as possible to receive the shock of the termination of his involuntary journey. Accordingly he kept his arms close by his side, slightly drew up his lower limbs, in order not to alight on his feet, and thus probably shattered his bones, and the result was, as we learn, his injuries were limited to a few comparatively harmless bruises.

A new story of Robert Hall is going the rounds of the English papers, to the effect that one of his congregation took him to task for not preaching more frequently on predestination. Hall was very indignant. He looked steadily at his censor for a moment and replied: "Sir, I perceive you are predestined to be an ass; and what is more, I see you are determined to make your calling and election sure."

It is announced that the "Wickedest Man" is to run for the New York Assembly. This does not look as if he were converted over much.

A complaint was made by a gentleman that he had been swindled by a stock company. "Why did you place any faith in the promise of receiving fifty per cent. per annum for your money," asked the judge. "I didn't believe it," said the witness, "but I expected there would be time enough to find some one who did." This is the history of stock swindling in a very few lines.

The name given to the fashionable drive in Hyde Park—Rotten Row—has a curious origin. It is a corruption of *Route du Roi*—the King's Road. The crowded thoroughfare of the Strand was formerly a mere river-strand—a narrow, thinly-settled suburban lane, washed by the Thames. Temple Bar is the only gateway now standing of the ancient city of London proper, and separates it from Westminster.

A journal, speaking of the intention of an actress to play an engagement in Pittsburgh, says that city "will be apt to swoon."

A countryman at the Astor, the other day, after tasting some olives, wanted to whip the waiter for pouring salt on "them plums."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Smoking indiscriminately in railway carriages is now prohibited in England. From and after the 1st of October every railway company is bound to provide smoking compartments for each class of carriages.

The London Standard announces that President Johnson intends visiting England at the expiration of his term of office.

The latest from San Francisco. A wedding in a theatre, the knot being tied by a woman.

One of the New York theatres has introduced what is known as the English half-price system. Spectators arriving after half-past nine o'clock are charged but half the usual admission fee.

The composer of the song "Not for Joseph," has received \$35,000 as his share of its profits. Mendelssohn only received about \$250 for one of his great pieces. But then Mendelssohn could not have written "Not for Joseph."

The women of Germany are to have a convention at Stuttgart this month, to discuss the best way of managing babies.

The author of the hymn beginning, "I would not live away," is nearly eighty years of age, and still living.

The English Postmaster General is urged to propose to the United States an international postage of one penny for single rates, with the belief that it would not only reflect high honor upon Great Britain, but would be acceptable to this country.

An "iron jail" has been made in New York for a county in Missouri. It contains three cells, and is fifteen feet square by seven and a half high.

The vintage of 1898 in France is estimated at 1,320,000 gallons, or thirty-three gallons for every man, woman and child in France.

Eighty-eight cucumbers were gathered from a single vine recently, near Rising Sun, Md.

A blind child of three years plays the piano in Baltimore in a skillful manner, using its elbows as well as its hands.

THE ELECTIONS.—Pennsylvania has been carried by the Republicans by about 10,000 majority. The vote is a very large one. Congressional delegation will probably stand 16 Republicans to 8 Democrats. The legislature will have a Republican majority of 27 on joint ballot.

Ohio has gone Republican by probably about 17,000 majority. The Republicans elect thirteen Congressmen, and the Democrats six.

Indiana has gone for the Republicans by about 1,000 majority. The Congressional delegation will stand 7 Republicans to 4 Democrats. Legislature Republican.

Nebraska is reported to have gone Republican by over 2,000 majority. The Republicans claim all the members of the legislature with the exception of five.

In Philadelphia the official returns give the following majorities:—Mayor, Daniel M. Fox, Dem., 1,838; District Attorney, Furman Sheppard, Dem., 1,275; City Comptroller, George Getz, Dem., 724; Solicitor, Thos. J. Harger, Dem., 892; Receiver of Taxes, J. M. Melloy, Dem., 228; Commissioner, David P. Weaver, Dem., 933; Prothonotary of Common Pleas, Albert Fletcher, Dem., 611; President Judge, J. I. C. Hare, Republican, 25 majority; Associate Judge, Thos. Greenbank, Dem., 125 majority. On the state ticket, Boyle, Dem., receives 175 majority, and Ent, Dem., 290. Of the five Congressmen, Kelly and O'Neill, (Republicans); and Randall, Moffet and Reading (Democrats) are elected. Reading's district includes Bucks county and three rural wards of Philadelphia.

The 16th was the time for the meeting of Congress, according to adjournment, but both Houses were again adjourned until November 10th. Only four Senators and eleven Representatives were present.

General Joseph Hooker has been retired from active service, in consequence of disability. He retires with the full rank of Major-General.

The cricket match between the All-England Eleven and a selected Twenty-two cricketers of the United States terminated on the 16th, on the St. George cricket grounds at New York, in favor of the Eleven, in one inning, with 8 runs to spare. The full score was: All-England Eleven, first inning, 143. Twenty-two, first inning, 70; second inning, 63. This is the sixth and last match of the series, in all of which the English cricketers have won. A match at base ball at New York will conclude the regular series.

The United States Supreme Court has recently decided that a pardon by the President will not authorize the restitution to the former owner of property confiscated for participation in the rebellion. An act of Congress is necessary.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.—The New York World, and other original advocates of the nomination of Mr. Chase, have, since the recent elections, suggested the withdrawal of Seymour and Blair, and the nomination of a new ticket. The proposition, however, does not seem to meet with much support. The following is an answer to a dispatch asking whether the proposition for a change in the Democratic Presidential candidates was prompted by the Democracy of New York:—

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1898.

To Joseph D. Hoover, Esq., Washington: No authority or possibility to change front. All friends consider it totally impracticable, and equivalent to disbanding our forces. We in New York are not panic-stricken.

J. S. TILDEN.

AUGUST BELMONT.

AUGUSTUS SCHELL.

The fashion for gentlemen's full dress in Paris this winter will be small clothes with silk stockings. Gentlemen who have not been kindly treated by nature will supply themselves with false calves. Ruffled shirt fronts and full ruffles at the wrists will also be indispensable. All fools will please take notice.

A tailor is the ninth part

To Marry or Not to Marry.

The Question Humorously Considered.

"Cornelius O'Dowd," in a late number of *Blackwood*, discusses the question of marriage in a pleasant way. We cull a few passages:

"Is life really life if one must pass it on the tight-rope? Is existence worth having, where it is eternally a question of balancing—swaying to this side, and bending to that?"

"Is it proven that all people have a vocation for marriage, and is conjugality *per se* certain to require those who, to attain it, must divide between two what they had barely found sufficient for one? These are simple questions which we have no need of a philosopher to ask or answer for us. If one were simply to pronounce from what appears on the surface of life—and it is very hard to go deeper—we should say that the single people, especially the men, have the best of it. They are more in request among their friends, available for more attentions, and keep longer young than their married brethren."

"The double-barrelled egotism of marriage spoils many a good fellow and destroys the charm of many a delightful woman. The firm, that terrible partnership, crops up at every moment, and rots that glorious spontaneity, that delicious irresponsibility, we once remembered."

"I have no patience with those people who want to marry on what it is a puzzle to them to live single upon. They must be moral, forsooth! at the cost of reducing some unhappy girl to drudgery, on the false pretence—for it is false—of loving her."

"Why can't they let it alone?" as the great master of common-sense said of a less eventful contingency.

"I have met more pleasant and companionable people among the single than the married; but there is a canting notion abroad, that marriage is a sort of backbone for good behavior, and so the curate must be married. I don't know how far the theory goes, or whether a lady's shoemaker should have a wife, but I'm sure her coiffeur ought."

"I hope we shall soon hear the last of this tiresome controversy; for if any man wishes positively to ascertain, from his personal experience, whether it is safe to marry on £100 per annum, let him commit a small misdemeanor in Ireland and be sent to jail for three months. If his constitution stands the dietary—the seven ounces of gruel and pinch of barley per diem—he may have his bans published the day he comes out, and certainly there will be nothing in his absconded system to interfere with his happiness."

"But it is a mistake to suppose that marriage is a necessity, except to a three-volume novel. I am certain that a very large number of people are not made for that species of companionship. Mind, I am not enamored of Mormonism or Spiritual-wifery, nor have I the slightest sympathy with Agapemones. What I desire to insist on is, that our present-day civilization inculcates conjugality too indiscriminately, and takes most unjustifiable means to support its position. One of these, and the least commendable of all, is to disparage those who are called old maids. I have seen many a timid rider in a hunting-field jeered into riding at a fence that cost him a 'cropper'; and I am convinced that many women are driven into marriage to escape the obloquy and sarcasm of belonging to that malignant category."

"It is no exaggeration to say 'maligned.' I would ask any one who has seen much of life—who has, so to say, been a man of the world, watching its ways and studying its doings—I would ask him has he ever met in any section of humanity greater kindness, gentleness, and patience than among those same old maids? Where has he found more hearty, genial, generous natures? where sound views of life disfigured by fewer prejudices? where more thorough clarity in discussing the motives? where, in one word, less of those very attributes by which it has pleased the world to characterize this class? It is no part of my task to call witnesses to what I say; but one I will cite, because she eminently represented all that I have so feebly attempted to picture; and if her genius might seem to outshine the lustre of her personal qualities, it is only to those who had not the happiness—and it was a happiness—of her intimacy. I am talking of Miss Edgeworth, and it is well worth all the weight of the years it obliges to have met and known her."

"I will not affirm that marriage could have spoiled such a nature, but I will say it could not have bettered it. Nor is it a small part of the matter that at eighty she was the guiding spirit, the delight and the charm of that family which derived glory from her name and happiness from her presence."

"Is it to a class which numbers Miss Edgeworth and Miss Nightingale among its members that women need shame to belong?"

"I have done. I will only add that, instead of heaping ridicule on the condition of unmarried women, and, out of sheer derision, driving them to accept anybody—anything—as husbands, let us accord them all the deference and regard we bestow on others; and let us not forget, in the presence of some 'old maid' whose qualities of mind and nature have charmed us, and whose traces of beauty are not few nor faint, that if we do deem matrimony the great prize in life, it is a living shame to our sex that such a woman should be single."

"If I have wandered from my text of 'Marriages on Starvation Allowance,' it is simply because I have not that overweening impression of conjugality that I would recommend any one to face beggary to attain it, any more than I would advise a man to lay out his last shilling to buy a ticket in the lottery."

"The following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:—

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson, Who was a very extraordinary person; Who was two yards high in his stocking feet, And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.

He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through

The gullet; it went in at his throat,

And came out at the back of his coat.

"Armas Ward's will is called his last joke. He was a poor fellow with no money to dispose of, but he wished to show his good intentions. He left his aged mother in comfortable circumstances before he died. He left his aged mother in comfortable circumstances before he died. He left his aged mother in comfortable circumstances before he died."

Stoves and Furnaces.

The season of the year has arrived when the most dangerous is to be apprehended from the escape of deleterious gases into dwellings, from stoves and furnaces. Let all our readers carefully examine their stoves and flues, and remove the accumulations of waste material, that the smoke and gases may have free exit into the outside atmosphere. The health of thousands is seriously impaired every year by breathing the gases escaping from stoves, and many have lost their lives from this source. The saddest sight we ever looked upon was one quiet Sunday morning in March, a few years ago, when we were called to the house of a neighbor, to view the lifeless bodies of the father and mother of a family, lying in bed precisely as they sunk into repose the night before. During the night coal gas escaped from a furnace in the cellar, and from thence into the chambers, and the whole family narrowly escaped from passing to that sleep which knows no waking. As it was, the father and mother lost their lives. Several of the products of combustion are of a deleterious nature, particularly carbonic oxide and carbonic acid. Anthracite and bituminous coals contain considerable sulphur, which partially oxidizes during combustion and forms sulphurous acid gas, and this is very suffocating and injurious when breathed into the lungs. Sulphurous acid always escapes along with the other gases from burning coals.

It was supposed formerly that carbonic acid was a poisonous product, but it is now known not to be, but is, nevertheless, fatal to human life, when inhaled, as it operates to exclude oxygen from the respiratory apparatus. A person can be drowned in carbonic acid as well as in water. But carbonic oxide is a destructive poison, and certainly and rapidly fatal to animal existence even when largely diluted with air. When coals are burned slowly and imperfectly, large quantities of this gas are formed, and if it escapes into the room, in minute amounts, headache, vertigo, lassitude, are sure to result.

Physicians in searching for the causes of ill-health in patients should not overlook the fruitful sources connected with the apparatus for household warmth. Examine the stoves, we say. Is the draught good? Are the dampers properly adjusted? Is the ventilation of rooms such as it should be? Look well to the stoves and furnaces.—*Journal of Pharmacy and Chemistry.*

Playing the Piano by Machinery.

A novel invention is announced, which threatens to throw the most skillful musical performers into the shade, and to deprive music teachers of their means of livelihood. The apparatus is called the *phonograph*, or the *organon*, and is expected to perform on the piano or organ the most difficult music which can be procured at "first sight," and without hesitation. This will be a great improvement upon living performers! The patent of the inventor covers three different kinds of instruments; one which contains within it a magneto-electric apparatus, and which is worked by a crank; another, provided with a galvanic battery, and also worked by a crank; and a self-acting instrument, which performs alone, without any apparent aid. The apparatus can be attached to any piano or organ. The music played by this novel performer must be written in a special manner, and can be rendered with the nicest variations of style. Such, at least, are the reports. The inventor is Mr. Eugene Trautour de Varano, a native of New Orleans.

DIRT FOR CHILDREN.—The most eminent physicians in Paris maintain that playing with dirt is healthful to children; hence, the children in that city are each allowed a small bucket and shovel at an early age, and sent forth to dig dirt and make mud pies. Even in this country it is noticeable that the youngsters who are allowed to wallow in filth seem to thrive upon it, while the juveniles that are kept clean, are many of them, puny and delicate.

WAS'N'T ACQUAINTED.—"Why is it," said one of our school marms to a young apprentice who had caused her much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is it you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

Charlotte town.—"Prince Edward's Island, seems to be an Eden of a place. A visitor says:—'I asked a politician, 'What are your politics here?' 'What do you quarrel about?' 'We have no politics,' he said; and he spoke the truth. I asked a physician: 'What are your prevailing diseases here?' 'We have none,' he said; and he spoke the truth.' Everybody looks healthy. It is to be hoped that it will never be spoiled by being admitted into this excellent, quarrelsome Union."

"If you undertake to call men's thoughts and tongues to account for idle and gossiping talk, you will be like a swallow that undertakes to clear the evening air of all the summer insects that fly in it."

"A Cincinnati correspondent, returning from the East, was about to file himself away in one of the railway pigeon-holes of a sleeping car, when the somnolent passengers were aroused by the voice of a huge Kentuckian, who holding up a pillow between his thumb and finger, roared out to the attendant, 'I say, you boy, come back and take this away!' 'What for, sah?' 'Because I'm afraid the damned thing will get into my eye!'"

"*Beethoven* (to boatman)—You must often, I should think, get wet, do you not? *Arless Boatman*—Yes, yer honor, we does, werry wet, werry wet indeed! but I'm werry dry just now, yer honor, and no mistake."

"There is a woman in Pittsfield, Me., ninety years old, who sews, knits, and reads readily without the aid of spectacles, and milks a cow twice a day. She says 'the gals now-a-days ain't worth much.'"

"A minister at Troy recently announced to a congregation that the Rev. Mr. Mann had accepted an invitation to become their minister, and then gave out as his text: 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him?' which slightly affected the gravity of his discourse."

"A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellow hair, called it pure gold. 'It ought to be, quoth K——, 'it looks like twenty-four carats.'"

"Indecision is that slatternly housewife by whose fault chiefly the moth and the rust are allowed to make such dull work of life: corrupting all the gleam and gloss of earth's perishable treasures."

A French doctor, at the end of a philosophical profession of unfaith, proclaimed his disbelief in a future state of existence, and was thus answered by a lady: "I am not surprised, doctor, at your materialism, and that you should think your patients too effectually killed ever to come to life again."

"A correspondent says he recently accused his milkman of giving the cows too much salt. The milkman asked: 'How do you know how much salt I give them?' 'I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know.'"

"In England, no man thinks of blacking his own boots," said a haughty Briton, once, to Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calf-skin gaiters. "Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe as he spit on the brush.

LIES EXTRACTED.—Some years ago a Yankee invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements. Only the truth would come out of such a machine. If such a one could be applied to certain political papers, what a blessing it would be to the nation! Many of these papers, however, would be a total loss if put into such a hopper, for nothing would ever be seen of them again.

"A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, writing from Martha's Vineyard, says: 'As I sat on the beach to-day, watching the gambols of a hundred bathers, I inquired of an old pilot if there was not danger to be feared from sharks. 'Not a mite,' he replied; 'not a mite, never's been a shark seen here, sir, since them creatures,' pointing to the ladies, 'look to the water.'"

"Herschel, the elder, when he lived at Bath, showed a resident a remarkable blood-red star; and some little time after that, he heard of a sermon preached in those parts, in which it was asserted that the preacher's views of Bible statements must be true, for that Sir J. Herschel had seen in a telescope 'the very place that wicked people go to.'"

"Is there a real progress in Christianity among those cannibals?" asked an old lady of her nephew, a roving sailor, who had just returned from a long cruise. "Yes, Aunt Hepzibah; they have got so now they can take their grog like Christians, and can't eat roast missionary without mint sauce."

SILVER ORNAMENTS.—Men, women and children in India decorate themselves with large quantities of heavy silver ornaments. This accounts for the drain of silver in that direction. Upon their dusky skins it appears to much more advantage than gold.

RICE.—Rice, the great staple of South Carolina, the culture of which was once confined to the river swamp lands, is now grown on the uplands. The seed of the swamp rice is used, and the grain raised compares favorably with that of the old rice fields.

Pennsylvania has a greater length of railroad than any other state. The first four are: Pennsylvania, 4,311 miles; Ohio, 3,398 miles; New York, 3,245 miles; Illinois, 3,224 miles. In 1890, Pennsylvania was the fourth state, having only 2,598 miles.

The designs of the new United States postage stamps are described as follows:—The two-cent stamp has for a vignette a mail carrier on horseback; the three-cent, a mail train under steam; the five-cent retains the miniature of Washington; the ten-cent has a copy of the signing of the Declaration of Independence (from Trumbull's painting in the Rotunda of the Capitol); and the thirty-cent, the Surrender of Cornwallis, from the picture by Trumbull.

POPULAR ERRORS.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn. To conclude that, if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify one's vanity. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

At a recent tableau party on the Hudson the scene of Bluebeard's dead room was shown—six pretty heads all bloody, suspended along the wall, the bodies, of course, being behind the canvas. As the curtain descended, one of the heads was observed to smile. It was afterward ascertained that some one had stolen behind the scenes and kissed the hand of one of the wives.

POETRY.—All poetry is but the reaching out of the soul,—all painting, whether in words or colors,—for something better, brighter, fairer than it has yet seen, but which imagination prophesies is yet to come. It sees brighter tints, more indelible love, more love than this world contains, but which even its disappointments and defeats foreshadow; and which will certainly come, or hope, and faith, and love would not be.

THE MARKETS.

WHEAT.—About 2000 bushels sold in lots, mostly to the millers and bakers, at prices ranging from \$2.25 to \$2.50 for superfine; \$2.00 to \$2.25 for extra; \$1.75 to \$2.00 for North-west extra family; \$1.60 to \$1.75 for fine; \$1.50 to \$1.60 for extra family; and \$1.40 to \$1.50 for family, according to quality. Rice—\$3.00 bushels sold in lots of \$2.50 to \$3.00. Wheat there has been some doing. About 40,000 bushels sold at \$2.25 to \$2.50 for superfine; \$2.00 to \$2.25 for extra; \$1.75 to \$2.00 for North-west extra family; \$1.60 to \$1.75 for fine; \$1.50 to \$1.60 for extra family; and \$1.40 to \$1.50 for family, according to quality. Rice is in fair demand, 2500 bushels of Penna. and Western sold at \$1.65. Corn is scarce, and in fair demand at about 25,000 bushels sold at \$1.25 to \$1.35 for Western mixed, and \$1.20 for prime yellow, closing at \$1.25. 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"What is their nature?"

"I am about to have the honor of explaining. We regret, as much as you do, caballero, the continued wretchedness which has weighed on our unhappy country for so many years, far from wishing to recommence the war, we desire, on the contrary, to obtain a durable peace, if it be possible; but, in order to gain this result, which is the object we desire, we must have the means of transmitting to His Excellency the Viceroy our respectful entreaties."

"Respectful?" the count interrupted ironically.

The priest bowed, and continued without seeming to notice the accent in which this word was uttered—

"We have, therefore, resolved on sending to the viceroy one of our friends intrusted with a humble petition, if you will consent, Señor Conde, to pledge your honor that this petition shall reach his excellency, and that whatever the viceroy's answer may be, our ambassador will have nothing to fear, and be at liberty to go whither he pleases, without being troubled, so soon as his mission is ended."

The count reflected for a moment.

"Listen," he said: "I know not whether rebels have the right to send ambassadors to the chiefs of the government they are combating. Still, as I sincerely desire peace, and as whatever may be the result of the contest, Spanish blood will flow on both sides, and as I wish, as far as depends on myself, to avoid a painful conflict, I pledge my honor, not to lead your envoy to his Excellency the Viceroy, as that is impossible, but to present him to the general commanding the province, who, for my sake, will treat him respectfully, and who, if your petition really contains quiet and respectful demands, will himself place it before his Excellency the Viceroy; such is the only thing I can undertake. If that suits you, very good; but it is impossible for me to do more."

"Señor Conde, I expected no less from you, although your offer does not quite come up to our expectations. Still, we eagerly accept your offer, as we desire to convince you of the frankness and loyalty of our intentions. To-morrow our envoy will follow you."

"That is settled, señor."

Father Pelagio bowed respectfully to the count, and withdrew. When Don Anibal found himself alone again with his friend, he begged him to follow him to the room which had been prepared for him, and both went out. The secret door gently opened, and Sotavento appeared, advancing cautiously, and looking anxiously around him. When he was certain that no one could surprise him, his eye flashed with a sinister gleam, and making a menacing gesture, he said in a hollow voice—

CHAPTER XII.

THE ENVOY.

After the count's somewhat precipitate retreat, and the mission intrusted to Don Anibal to detain him at the hacienda, if only for a few hours, the Mexican insurgents continued discussing in the hall the most fitting measures to obtain a speedy and good result for the new uprising which was preparing. Father Pelagio then informed the conspirators that this time the leaders of the revolutionary party wished to deal a heavy blow, and finish, at all risks, with the Spanish government. The secret societies spread over the country, and the recently created masonic lodges, had, in a general meeting, elected as commander-in-chief of the national army Colonel Iturbide, whose well-known military talents were a guarantee of success.

Colonel Iturbide, who was destined hereafter to proclaim himself emperor, under the name of Augustine I., and fall beneath the bullets of his own subjects, who condemned him and mercilessly shot him, when he tried to regain the power he had allowed to slip from his grasp; Iturbide, we say, is the sole truly skillful statesman Mexico has produced since the revolution. He had served with distinction in the Spanish army, and had on several occasions displayed a devotion to the government which bordered on cruelty. Now that he was gained over to the revolution, nothing would arrest him in attaining the crown of his secret ambition.

This time the Mexicans wished to avoid a serious fault into which they had previously fallen, and which had not only fairly compromised their cause but almost ruined it. This was the circumstance: When, in 1814, the Spanish armies, beaten in every encounter, seemed on the point of giving up the game, and yielding to the revolutionary turmoil, whose triumphant principles seemed solidly established on the territory of new Spain, General Morelos, at that time the most influential chief of the liberal party, whose ideas secretly inclined to a republic, established on the same basis as that of the United States, thought that the hour had arrived to convene a national congress.

This congress, at first composed of only a dozen members, began its session at Chilpancingo, where the promulgated decree upon decree, but the discussing power had scarce been established by side of the armed and acting power, ere, instead of combining their efforts for the triumph of the cause they had sworn to defend, they began contending together, each impeding the measures they should have taken in common, and by a deplorable conflict destroyed their means of action. The congress tried to restrict the power of the general-in-chief, and prevented on every occasion his operations, so that the latter found it almost impossible to act.

These internal dissensions gave the Spaniards time to regain their courage. The Mexican republic was dead ere it lived, and the insurgents were obliged a second time to undergo the yoke from which they fancied themselves free.

As Colonel Iturbide and the chief of the liberal party were not yet quite ready to commence the insurrectionary movement, the great point was to wait, and, before all, gain time; for this Father Pelagio only saw one plan: to send to the general commanding the province a messenger in order to make him certain proposals, and bearing a respectful petition addressed to the viceroy. During the absence of this ambassador, resistance would be quietly organized, and they would be ready to act when the signal for revolt was given by the chiefs. The conspirators enthusiastically applauded this proposal, which seemed to them fully to carry out the object proposed, namely, cheating the Spaniards. Still, when difficulties arose—

Most of the persons present were rich hacendados, long known to belong to the liberal party, and whom the government carefully watched; many of them had had



THE SACRED COMPACT.

to undergo numerous annoyances either in their estates or their persons from the Spaniards, and they were not at all anxious to surrender themselves to the mercy of enemies whose summary treatment they were acquainted with. In fact, the Spanish generals made no scruple about hanging or shooting the insurgents who fell into their hands, and there was no plausible reason for supposing that they would respect the person of an ambassador, sent by men whom they regarded as rebels, and with whom the law of nations and of war need not be followed. Consequently each found an excuse to escape the dangerous honor of being sent to the general.

The question became difficult of solution. Father Pelagio only saw around him long-drawn faces, which foreboded no good for the execution of his plan; he was, therefore, considerably embarrassed and did not see how to escape the difficulty when Don Aurelio suddenly came to his help at the moment when he least expected it.

"Canarios!" the Mexican exclaimed, "it must be allowed, caballeros, that we are pulling singular faces, and bear a strong likeness to the rats in Yriarte's fable, that wished to bell the sleeping cat."

In spite of the gravity of the situation, this rally was so true that it unwrinkled all the foreheads, and caused a general laugh.

"In truth," Don Pelagio observed, "*Dios me perdone*, we look as if we did not know exactly what to resolve."

"Yet I fancy that nothing is easier than the choice we propose making."

"How so?" the priest asked.

"Whom do we want as ambassador? A true man; we are all so, I believe. Still this man must be through his position sufficiently free and independent to be able honorably to fulfill the important mission intrusted to him. Is it not so?"

"Yes, you are right," Fray Pelagio answered, not knowing what the hacendados wished to arrive at.

All the company, puzzled in the highest degree, looked anxiously at Don Aurelio, unable to detect what the result would be. The latter continued quietly, as he laid his hands on the Sumach's shoulder, who, very indifferent to what was said, was carelessly listening to the discussion as he leaned on his rifle.

"Well, the man you seek is here," he said; "our excellent colonel—the alone can worthily fulfill this great and glorious mission."

"What?" the adventurer exclaimed, starting as if a snake had stung him, "no jokes, if you please. If it be a joke, I warn you that I consider it a poor one."

"I am not joking at all, colonel," the hacendados continued with a gracious smile, "on the contrary, I am speaking very seriously."

"Nonsense, my dear sir. Your idea may seem to you a good one, but, for my part, I consider it absurd and in every way impracticable. Hang it," he added, as he passed his hand round his neck, "I know the Spanish gentry, and am not at all anxious to go and thrust my head down the wolf's throat out of bravado."

Father Pelagio at once perceived what advantage this plan possessed for everybody, hence he resolved to carry it out, and convince the adventurer, who, in fact, was the only man who could risk, owing to his very insignificance, going to the Spanish authorities.

"You are mistaken, colonel," he said to the Canadian. "Don Aurelio's idea is an excellent one, and I gave you credit for such good sense that you will agree with me in a moment."

"I doubt it hugely, caballero. I confess that I am curious to know how you will set about proving to me that I must go and be hanged or shot for the greater benefit of your cause," he answered with an ironical smile.

"Oh, that is very easy, colonel. Understand me thoroughly."

"Oh, I am all ears."

"You alone can carry out this difficult duty, for the following reasons: in the first place you are a foreigner, a citizen of a country with which the Spanish government would think twice before seeking a quarrel; and then you are a colonel in our army. You may be sure that any insult offered to you will not be left unpunished, and that I, your general, will take an exemplary vengeance."

"All that is very fine," the adventurer answered with a grin. "I allow that the Spaniards will be unable to confiscate my property, for even if I possess any, it is, thank heaven, out of their reach. But they can imprison and even shoot me. That is of some importance, I suppose; and, once I am dead, will you restore me the life taken from me? What shall I care then for the more or less exemplary manner in which you avenge my death? I shall not be the less securely buried."

"I repeat to you that Spaniards will not dare touch a hair of your head; moreover, you will not go alone; the noble count whom you saw here just now will pledge

himself to protect and defend you, for he will introduce you to the person to whom I am about to send you."

"Hum!" the adventurer continued, "all this is not very clear; but how do you know that the count will assume this responsibility? You have not yet asked him the question."

"No; but while your colonel's commission is being made out, and two months' advance are paid you for your outfit, I will go and speak to the count, and obtain his word that you shall incur no danger from the Spanish authorities, and that when your mission is completed, every security will be granted for your safe return."

The adventurer scratched his head as if very far from convinced. It was plain that, in spite of his general's explanations and the fine promises, he did not particularly care for the mission confided to him. Still, at the expiration of a moment, he drew himself up with a determined air, shook his head several times as if to drive away a troublesome idea, and said—

"Well, well, I see that madmen must always be madmen; so deuce take fear. The Spaniards, I suppose, are not more formidable than tigers; I shall not be sorry to have a nearer look at them, and so I accept your offer. When am I to start?"

"To-morrow, with the count; he will escort you to the general."

"That is settled."

"Now, give your name to Don Aurelio Gutierrez, in order that your commission may be filled up, and your letter of credit written."

"Good; my name is Oliver Clary, called the Sumach; this time I will not deny my name, for I believe that I shall see death pretty closely. I was born at Quebec, and I am thirty-two years of age. Is that enough, or do you want any further information?"

"No, Señor Don Oliver, that is more than sufficient; now I will leave you for a few moments, and settle matters with the count."

"Do so, general, I trust to your promise."

"Depend on me."

And Father Pelagio left the room. The adventurer was at once surrounded by the conspirators, who warmly thanked him for his devotion to their cause, and the courage with which he was going to face an imminent and terrible danger in order to serve it. The Canadian shrugged his shoulders, and quietly turned his back on them. So soon as his commission and letters of credit were ready, and he had received his money, he carefully placed all in his waist belt, and making a sign to Moonshine, left the room with him.

We have already described in what way Father Pelagio obtained the count's assent; we will, therefore, not return to that subject, but merely state that the priest hastened to inform the Canadian, whom he met, of the success of his application, while warning him that he must be ready to start at sunrise of the next day.

"You know," he added, in a low voice, and with a smile, "that an ambassador must have eyes and ears; I trust to you to see and hear all that it may be useful for us to know."

"Good, good, leave me alone, I will prove to the Gachupinos that the Gotos are not the only clever people, and that the Canadians are descended from the Normans; they will not catch a weasel asleep in me."

Father Pelagio exchanged a few more remarks with him, and then left after wishing him success once again. The two Canadians then left the house and proceeded to the garden, where they sought the most secluded spot. On reaching one, where they did not fear being overheard, they stopped and sat down side by side on the ground.

"Friend Moonshine," the adventurer said, "I have brought you here because I wish to ask a service of you."

"I suspected it; speak, Oliver, you know that I am ready to do everything you wish."

"I do not know how I let myself be humbugged into accepting this confounded embassy, in which there are ninety chances in a hundred that I shall lose my hide; but what is done cannot be undone. Listen to me; during my absence you will take the command of my men, and I will give them orders to obey you as myself."

Moonshine gave a nod of assent.

"Now," the adventurer continued, "take this belt; it contains not only the gold I have just received, but also some savings of my own."

"What am I to do with it?"

"If I am killed by the Gotos, I do not wish them to profit by my money. You will keep as much as you like, and send the rest to my old mother, you know where."

"I will send it all. I shall not need money, for if those brigands of Spaniards assassinate you I must revenge your death, and money will be useless to me."

"That is true; in that case you will send all. That is settled, thank you."

"There is nothing to thank me for; what you ask of me is simple."

"Yes, yes," the other said, with a shake

of his head; "but who knows what turn matters will take?"

"Well, up to the present we have no cause to grumble, I fancy."

"It is true that we have succeeded in everything; my measures were so well taken that, without exciting the slightest suspicion, we managed to gain the very thing we aimed at; but we must wait for the end."

"That is true. Well, let us trust to heaven. One last word."

"Out with it."

"Distrust that cunning-looking mayor-domo. I know not why, but he inspires me with an invincible repulsion."

"All right; I will watch him."

"Very good; now let us go to dinner."

The two men rose and went back to the house as quiet and careless as if they had been conversing about indifferent matters. Immediately after dinner, the adventurer assembled his comrades, ordered them to recognize Moonshine as their chief during his absence, and then all his affairs being thus settled, he wrapped himself in his zarape, lay down on the ground, and almost immediately fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

DON MELCHIOR DIAZ.

Don Melchior Diaz's name has several times already slipped from our pen; the reader has been introduced to him, but up to the present we have not yet positively explained who he is or in what way he succeeded in gaining the position he occupies in the Salubrar family. The moment has arrived to make this known, and acquaint the reader with certain events most important for a proper understanding of coming facts.

When Sotavento handed over to Don Anibal de Salubrar the child saved from the general massacre of the Indian tribe, there was a fact which the mayor-domo passed over in silence. It was, that the lad whom he declared to have recovered from the Indians, had been simply confided to him by a white hunter, to whom he had scarce spoken, and who said to him at the same time as he handed him a bag of gold dust, which the mayor-domo did not think it necessary to mention either, as he doubtless preferred to appear thoroughly disinterested in his master's eyes—

"This child is born of white parents; one day he will be reclaimed; tell Don Anibal to take the greatest care of him."

Sotavento scented a mystery under these hints, and in the prospect of some profit to be made at a later date, kept to himself the hunter's remarks, and told his master some sort of story, which the latter believed, through the slight importance he attached to it. The lad had, therefore, been unhesitatingly accepted by Don Anibal, and brought up in the family for the first five years. The hacendados paid but little attention to him, amusing himself at times with his sallies, but taking very slight interest in him, and regarding him rather as a servant than as a member of the family destined to acquire considerable importance.

Don Aurelio, when he narrated to his companions the facts which caused Dona Emilia's insanity and the events that followed, had been unable to tell more than everybody knew, and comment on these events from his own point of sight. But a secret was kept in the inner circle of the family which Don Anibal was more careful not to permit to transpire, and which, consequently, Don Aurelio was ignorant of. The secret was this: Dona Emilia was not cured; her madness still endured; still this madness had become, so to speak, intermittent, and only made its appearance at set intervals; but then her attacks acquired such strength that they became irresistible, and any constraint placed at such a moment on the patient's volition would infallibly have caused her death.

Don Anibal, as we have said, adored his wife. Several times he tried to enm her, he even went so far as to try and prevent her leaving the hacienda. But then such frightful scenes occurred, Dona Emilia fell into such horrible convulsions at the mere thought of not acting as she liked, that Don Anibal was obliged to restore her liberty. Dona Emilia when these attacks came upon her became a lunatic; she had but one thought, one purpose, to rush in pursuit of the Indians, and pitilessly massacre them. Singular anomaly of the human heart, especially in a mild, kind, timid woman, whom the slightest pain caused to faint, and who, in ordinary times, could not endure the sight of blood. Dona Emilia, whom by the physician's express orders, Don Anibal had not dared deprive of her daughter, had brought up her child in a hatred of the Red Skins, and seeing on her young imagination with that ascendancy which mothers possess, had succeeded, if not in completely making her

share her ideas, at least in obtaining from her a passive and absolute obedience.

Melchior brought up, so to speak, haphazard at the hacienda, had, through the instinct of protecting innate in man, attached himself to Dona Diana, whom he saw sad, sickly, and suffering. Dona Diana, for her part, felt pity for the poor orphan, and from this mutual sympathy sprang a friendship which years had only consolidated by rendering it warmer. Don Anibal and Dona Emilia both saw with pleasure this affection spring up between the children, though from different motives. Don Anibal, who would not for anything in the world have thwarted his wife's ideas, saw with delight this boy grow up who, at a given moment, might become her defender and safeguard in her mad expeditions against the Indians; while Dona Emilia, reasoning from an entirely different point of view, though she attained the same result, saw in him a devoted and most useful ally in these same expeditions.

The result of this tacit understanding between husband and wife was that the boy, at first abandoned to his instincts, was watched with greater care, brought up as he deserved to be, and at last gradually regarded as a member of the family. Let us hasten to add that Don Melchior was in every respect deserving of the kindness shown him. He was a thoughtful, earnest lad, with an honest heart and firm will, who could thoroughly appreciate all that was done for his future well-being.

When the boy became a man, he was taken naturally into Dona Emilia's intimacy, and associated in all her plans. Don Anibal, delighted at this result, and trusting in the young man, whose good sentiments he had reason for believing he knew, felt relieved from a heavy burden; and when his wife, attacked by one of her fits, attempted one of her hazardous excursions, he saw her start with less terror, as he felt convinced that she had a devoted defender by her side. But a thing happened which neither husband nor wife had foreseen. The two young people, brought up side by side, living constantly together, accustomed to interchange their most secret thoughts and ideas, passed by an imperceptible incline, without either perceiving or suspecting it, from friendship to love. Love in these two young, ignorant hearts, which were pure from any wrong sentiment, must necessarily be deep, irresistible, and produce the effect of a thunderbolt.

This is what occurred: the two young people, instead of trying to resist the new feeling which was germinating in their hearts and growing so rapidly, yielded to it with that simple confidence which ignorance alone can give, and which converts love into a divine sentiment. Long before they had made a mutual avowal, they understood each other by a glance, and knew that they were henceforth attached to each other.

One day Dona Diana approached Melchior, who, with his shoulder leant against a sumach, was listlessly watching a flight of wild pigeons passing over his head. The young man was so absorbed in thought that he did not hear the maiden's light step, as her dainty feet made the sand of the walk as she was following creak. It was only when her hand was laid on his shoulder that, recalled to earth from heaven, he started as if he had received an electric shock, turned suddenly, and fixed his eyes on Dona Diana. The young lady smiled.

"Were you dreaming?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied with a sigh; "I was dreaming, Nina."

She mechanically raised her eyes to the sky.

"Of those birds, doubtless? Did they bring you a hope or a regret?"

Melchior shook his head.

"Neither one nor the other," he said sorrowfully. "I have no regrets, and my sole hope is here."

The young lady looked down with a blush. There was a silence for some minutes, filled with ineffable melody for these young hearts; the lad was the first to speak.

"Alas!" he said, in a low and timid voice, "regrets are not made for me; what am I, save a lost child, whose color is not even decided? Can I regret a family I do not know?"

"Yes, that is true," she answered, with a roguish smile; "but you have a hope."

"A mad hope, an insensate dream, which the re-awakening of reason will utterly dispel," he said with feverish animation.

"You are deceived or wish to deceive me," she said, with some sternness in her voice; "that is not right, Melchior."

"Sénorita—" he stammered.

The maiden walked softly up to him.

"We were brought up together," she said to him in a gentle and penetrating voice, "we grew up together, ever equally sharing our joys and sorrows; is that true, Melchior?"

"It is," he murmured faintly.

"Why, then," she continued, "have you become so taciturn during the last few days? why do you shun me? why do you fly on my approach?"

"I?"

"I repeat that you ought to keep nothing from me, for I am your oldest, perhaps your only friend."

"It is true, oh! it is true, Diana," he exclaimed, as he clasped his hands with passionate fervor, "you are my only friend."

"Why then keep a secret from me?"

"A secret?" he exclaimed, as he recoiled in horror.

"Yes, a secret; and I have discovered it, though you fancied you had locked it up in your heart."

The young man turned pale.

"Oh! take care, Nina," he exclaimed, "this secret I dare not confess to myself."

"That is the very reason why I discovered it, Melchior," she answered, with an adorable expression.

"Oh! it is impossible, Diana; you cannot know—"

"That you love me!" she interrupted him with an outburst. "Why not, since I love you?"

And she gazed at him with the sublime confidence of a chaste and true love, that divine and fugitive beam which God, in His ineffable goodness, only allows to shine in innocent and candid hearts. The young lover tottered like a drunken man; for a moment he thought he must be dreaming, for so much happiness surpassed all that he had ever dared to hope.

"You love me, Diana?" he at length exclaimed. "You love me! Oh! an eternity of suffering for this second of happiness!" And he fell on his knees in front of the maiden. She looked at him for a moment with an expression of indescribable passion,

and then offered him her hand, which he covered with burning kisses.

"Rise, Melchior," she said to him, with considerable emotion. "Rise, my beloved. Let this holy love which binds us, and which we have mutually confessed, remain a secret from everybody. A day will come, and soon, I hope, when we shall be permitted to proclaim it openly; but till then let us hide our happiness."

The young man rose.

"I love you, Diana," he said. "I am your slave; order me, and I will obey."

"Alas, my beloved," she continued, with a sad shake of her head, "I can give you no orders, entirely alone is permitted me."

"Oh, speak, speak, Diana," he exclaimed.

The maiden passed her arm through his with a sanguine, childish confidence.

"Come," she said, "accompany me a few paces, and we will talk about my mother."

Melchior shook his head sorrowfully, but said nothing.

"Poor mother!" Diana murmured.

"Oh, yes, most unhappy," the young man remarked with a sigh.

"I think you love my mother, dearest?"

"Is it not to her that I am indebted for being what I am?"

"Listen to me, Melchior," she said, resolutely. "We love each other, and some day you will be my husband; for I swear to you that I will never have another. As you see, I speak frankly and boldly, more so, perhaps, than a girl of my age and position ought to do; but you are an honorable man, and will never abuse the confidence I have made you."

"Thanks," he said, simply. "Speak, Diana, speak. Your words are engraved in letters of fire on my heart."

"It is well, my friend. You, my mother, and my father, occupy all my affections. It is a holy trinity, to which I will never break faith. You know in what a horrible position my mother finds herself, and what fearful hallucinations seize upon her."

"Alas!"

"Well! swear to me that whatever may occur, you will never fail in the mission I have taken on myself, and of which I confide to you one-half from this day; swear to me that, under all circumstances, you will remain by her side to defend her, and die for her if it must be so. At this price, I repeat to you, Melchior, at this price my love is yours forever; and no other man but yourself shall ever be my husband."

The young man tried to interrupt her; but she imposed silence on him by a sudden and peremptory gesture, and continued—

"Oh! I know what a frightful sacrifice I impose on you, brother; but I, who am but a girl, still a child I may say, endure without complaining, all the consequences of these ferocious acts of vengeance which I dare not qualify as madness. Alas, Melchior, the fearful disease to which my poor mother is condemned, dates from the period of my birth. I am, so to speak, the innocent cause of it, hence it is my duty to sacrifice myself, whatever it may cost me, in order to try if possible to relieve her frightful sufferings, which, in the paroxysm of a horrible crisis, will perhaps entail my death and hers; for I do not conceal from myself, brother, that the day must arrive when the Red Skins will take their revenge for my mother's implacable enmities. But then, if I succumb, I shall at least fall with the incomparable satisfaction of having done my duty by sacrificing myself for her to whom I owe my life."

"Dismiss such gloomy thoughts, Diana. Your mother is growing calmer with age. The expeditions, as you know, are more and more rare, the attacks less frequent, and soon, perhaps, we shall have the happiness of seeing them entirely disappear."

"I dare not flatter myself with that hope, my dear Melchior. No, no. Unless a miracle occurs, my mother will fall a victim to her monomania for vengeance on the Red Skins."

"My dear Diana, there are now two of us to devote ourselves to her. God is too just and good to desire the ruin of two innocent children who have never offended Him. You have my word, and my life belongs to you and to your mother; employ it as a thing that is your own. On the day when I lose it in serving you and saving you from sorrow, I shall be the happiest of men."

"Thanks, Melchior; I know that I could reckon on you. Your generous words restore the courage which was fast deserting me. I will not break down in the task I have imposed on myself; henceforth we belong to one another, no matter what obstacles may arise."

From this day the compact was made between the young people—a sacred compact, which neither broke, and which was fated to have terrible consequences for them at a later date. But an invisible witness had overheard their conversation. This witness, whom they had not seen gliding like a snake through the shrubs, and listening to all their remarks with the greatest attention, was Pedro Sotavento, mayor domo of the hacienda. What interest had this man in this over-hearing their conversation? He alone knew, for beneath an affable and inoffensive appearance, he concealed a deeply ulcerated heart, and evidently followed a plan resolved on long before, the realization of which would burst like a thunder-clap upon those whose ruin he had so long meditated.

Sotavento kept to himself his knowledge of the love of the young people, which he had so treacherously surprised. He never ventured, in their presence, on the slightest allusion which might lead them to suspect that he was aware of it. On the contrary, he increased his politeness towards Melchior, and seemed trying, by overtures adroitly made each time an opportunity offered, to gain his confidence. This, however, let us hasten to add, he never succeeded in doing; for the young man felt for the worthy steward an instinctive and invincible aversion, which stopped in his throat a confession he was several times on the point of making to him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Do STEAMBOATS RUN ABOVE OMAHA?"

Not long ago, the President of a New York bank inquired of a Western friend, "Do steamboats run above Omaha?" An exchange makes this question the basis of an entertaining article. And it may not be fully realized by others, besides the President of that bank, that steamers do run twenty-three hundred and sixty-eight miles above Omaha, diagonally across Dakota, into the very heart of Montana, to Fort Benton. The Eastern conception of the extent and rapid growth of the West is very vague. A good investment for every family would be made by purchasing one of the latest and best maps of the United States, and spending half an hour every evening in social study of our great country.

DIEGO, THE MOUNTAIN PATRIOT.

CHAPTER III.

"But what shall I do with Corrientes?"

"While the attention of the rabble is attracted toward the first carriage, believing it to contain the robber, you can have that villain taken into a second carriage and driven rapidly away to the dungeons of St. Marguerite. Once there, we can mould him to our purpose by torture."

"Your plan is a good one, and shall be acted upon."

St. Rosa was at once conducted into a carriage, and driven rapidly away, while several of the guard rode after the vehicle, and others advanced in different directions, proclaiming in a loud voice, that Durango had given back the life of Corrientes, on account of his brave and noble act in saving St. Rosa.

While this was transpiring, and the masses were giving vent to their satisfaction by loud cheering, another carriage had been brought up, and the patriot thrust into it.

It was then driven rapidly away, and the officials believed it to be unnoticed.

But scarcely had the vehicle left the scaffold before a horseman followed it, although he rode along with apparent unconcern, and lagged a considerable distance in the rear.

He plainly saw Diego as he entered the dismal prison, and in passing, he heard the clanking of the heavy door as it closed upon him.

Quickly the horseman returned to the square. The sight which met his gaze was a sad one. The killed and wounded—those who had been so brutally cut down by the guard—were being gathered up by their surviving friends.

But sorrow was not the only emotion felt by them. A feeling of revenge was burning within their breasts, and some of them gave vent to curses. Others even expressed a determination to join the band of Corrientes, and to assist that leader in his effort to overthrow the oppressors of Mexico; and his name was called, at first in low tones, and then louder and louder, until the sound became as rolling thunder.

"Corrientes cannot answer you; he is a prisoner in the dungeons of St. Marguerite," exclaimed the horseman, addressing those standing near him.

He then explained what he had heard and seen. It embraced an exposition of the deception practiced by Durango; and rapidly the tidings flew that Corrientes had only been spared from the scaffold, in order that he might suffer death in a more horrible manner—by torture.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE DUNGEONS.

As soon as Corrientes was secure within the prison walls, a feeling of relief came over Durango. But he now felt a more bitter hatred towards the man than he had ever before, and he was fully resolved to triumph in this present instance.

He at once ordered the heaviest chains upon the prisoner. His next care was to have every pass towards the mountains thoroughly guarded, and to permit no one to leave the city, no matter under what pretext, without a written order from himself.

Then he explained to Diego the deception he had practiced upon the people, and said, "Your death is now certain. Still you may save yourself from torture."

"In what manner?" asked Diego.

"You assure me that your wife has my child in her possession?"

"I assure you that she has."

"And you know where she is to be found?"

"Yes; at the mouth of the volcano."

"I have been thinking of this, and I know that you are speaking falsely. It would be impossible for any person to approach the crater during this eruption. It may be that my child is in the possession of your wife. I have no doubt that she is the case. But I feel confident that she is somewhere in the city."

"Gauging that she is in the city, and that you can find her after a time, what will that benefit you?"

"Will you not restore my daughter to me?"

"No."

"And why not?"

"She will retain the child unharmed, until she find that you have played me false, or murdered me. Then it would be too late, even if you were within sound of my Lettie's voice, for a frantic wife is rapid in action, and a single blow will destroy life."

"You do not know my plans."

"Will you explain them to me?"

"Certainly, for it gives me pleasure to dwell upon them, and to show you how I can triumph, even over Diego Corrientes."

"I will listen."

"In the first place you shall tell me where I can find your wife."

"Are you sure I will do this?"

"I am sure of one out of two things. You will be at once subjected to the most terrible torture. I know that you are a determined man, and would bear much; but I think you will be glad to do all that I wish before I am through with you."

"What if I do not give you the information you want?"

"Then you will meet death in its most horrible form."

"Certainly, if you murder me; but there then will be an end to the possibility of my giving you any information."

"It is a matter of indifference to me whether you do so or not. I torture you more for revenge than anything else. I shall find my child, you may be sure of that."

"How will you do it?"

"If at once you give me such information as will lead to the immediate recovery of Lettie, I will not subject you to torture, but simply order your execution by hanging. If you do not do this, as soon as you are dead, I will have it so proclaimed in the public streets. I will also have it given out that if your wife will bring my daughter to me she shall not be harmed, but shall receive her own in exchange. When she learns that you are dead, she may feel like being revenged upon me, but she will not carry that revenge so far as to sacrifice her own infant, by destroying mine."

"You may be right so far as the mother's feelings are concerned. But she will act upon her judgment, and not be guided by the dictates of her heart."

"What do you mean by judgment?"

"She knows that you are a merciless monster. She knows, also, that your word cannot be relied upon. She would expect that you would play her false. You would promise an exchange, and that she should not be harmed; but the instant she placed herself in your power, you would violate your word, imprison, or perhaps murder her, and

still refuse to give up her own infant. Knowing, or believing that you would so act, she would feel that only revenge was left her, and she would have it."

"I shall run the venture, at all events. Men, place this wretch upon the rack at once!"

The minions of Durango needed no second bidding. They were fiends who delighted in human suffering. The cries of agony, which were often wrung from suffering humanity, was music to their ears. The streams of blood which sometimes ran from the block, had nothing of horror in it for them. The agonized throes of the dying were only mocked by these incarnate devils.

They seized upon Diego at once, and applied the pulleys to his joints until they cracked, and appeared ready to part.

But the victim did not even moan.

For two hours the torture continued. Every manner of punishment, was inflicted upon him, but still the man remained firm, although the blood had forsaken his cheeks, and the agonies of death were pictured in his expression.

As each new form of torture was applied, the question was asked: "Will you give the information we require?"

At first the answer was firm, and even defiant; but as each subsequent reply was given, the voice became weaker, and finally the lips moved, but no sound came from them.

The sufferer appeared to be conscious of this, and he gave his negative reply by a shake of his head. It was evident the victim could not endure much more.

At this instant, a messenger entered hastily, and whispered a few words to Durango.

The villain instantly ordered that the torture should cease, and Diego was removed to a couch; and restoratives applied to him. Soon he so far recovered as to be able to speak. Observing this, Durango said—

"I spare you but for a short time. You shall learn presently my reasons for doing so."

"I can judge that your motive is a selfish one."

"It is simply to render my revenge the more complete."

"How so?"

"By allowing you to gaze upon my triumph before I draw your last drop of blood from your heart." Then turning to the messenger, he said: "The guards are ready, I suppose?"

"They are all ready."

"Lead on—I will follow you, Corrientes, I will return here in an hour, and I will show you an interesting sight."

CHAPTER V.

THE PATRIOT'S WIFE.

The merciless wretch left the prison, and sprang into a carriage, ordering that he should be driven to a building which adjoined the Capitol. As they proceeded, Durango asked of the messenger—

"How did you happen to discover the woman?"

"It was in this way: I was passing your mansion this morning, and when upon the opposite side of the street, I saw a person, who appeared to be a boy, coming out of your door. He held a child in his arms. I don't know that this would have attracted my attention at all, but from the fact that I saw the child had no covering upon its head. Well, after being once thus attracted, and my suspicions aroused, I saw that the boy appeared to be in a very great hurry, and that he made an effort to conceal the child."

"Oh, the villain!"

"Then I became satisfied that the child-thief, as I believed the person to be, was a woman in disguise."

"Yes, it was the wife of Corrientes."

"Of course I resolved to follow the thief. I saw her enter the main hall of the Capitol, and I was close upon her heels. She ascended to the attic, and then passed through the scuttle on the roof."

"I ascended the ladder and peered through the opening, just in time to see her disappear down the scuttle of the next building, which was unoccupied."

"I remember the building."

"I then crept to the scuttle and listened. I heard her close a door, and then I could hear her steps in one of the attic rooms. I also heard the child cry."

"Did you not notify the police at once?"

"No, I had other views."

"What were they?"

"I confess I had an eye to the reward you would be willing to pay for the recovery of your child and the detection of the thief."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Not caring to share that reward with any person, I resolved to manage the matter myself. I went into the square, and glancing up, I saw the woman at the window. I then made all possible haste to your mansion, but you were not there."

"Did you tell my wife that you knew where the child could be found?"

"I did not. I contented myself simply with ascertaining the fact that you had lost a daughter. I sought for you at once, but you were so much engaged upon the scaffold, that I could not gain your attention, and resolved to wait."

"In the meantime, the woman might have escaped."

"I was careful about that. I saw that she did not leave the window. When you left the scaffold, I lost sight of you, but at length succeeded in finding you here."

"Are you sure the woman is still in the house?"

"Yes, for I have set a guard around it."

By this time the building was reached, and Durango sprang out of the carriage. He gave directions for some of his guards to ascend to the roof, and then he entered the front door. Stationing men in every room and hall, as he advanced, he finally reached the attic. Just as he did so his eyes fell upon the woman. She held the child in her arms, and was rapidly climbing up a ladder towards the roof.

"Stop her, seize her!" shrieked Durango, rushing after her. He reached the roof, but saw that Cora had rushed past the guard, and was now standing upon the very verge of the roof.

Durango advanced toward the woman, but she raised the little one high above her head, as if she was about to hurl it forward into the street, and cried—

"Stop! Don't advance another step, or you will have no more a daughter."

"What would you have with me?"

"Bring me my child, and then you may have your own."

"Don't kill me, please, don't kill me,"

sobbed the little girl, as she put up her hands in an imploring manner.

Cora clasped the little innocent creature to her bosom, and replied—

"No, my darling angel, you have nothing to fear from me. I would die ten thousand deaths, if it were possible to do so, and even lose my own child, before I would harm you. It is hard to be compelled to use you as a weapon to coerce your villainous father, but heaven will pardon me for doing it; and so will you when you are old enough to understand a mother's heart."

Those around did not hear these words, for they were spoken in a very low tone, but the manner of the woman instantly changed, as she again raised the child, and cried—

"Bring me my baby, ye monsters, and do it quickly, or you may be too late. I am half-maddened, and I know not what I may do."

"A messenger has gone for your child," replied Durango. "It will be here in five minutes."

"And when we have exchanged, what action will you take?"

"With regard to what?"

"First, my husband; will you release him?"

"I have already done so."

"And myself and child?"

"You shall be free to go wherever you please."

At this moment a soldier came upon the roof. He bore an infant in his arms, and he held it toward the mother.

Poor Cora uttered a cry of joy, and springing forward, she threw little Lettie into the arms of her father, and then, catching her own infant, she clasped it convulsively to her breast, and sinking down, she burst into tears.

For a moment Durango regarded her in silence, and then he said—

"Seize her, and drag her to the dungeons of St. Marguerite. Tear the child from her and pitch it into the street. Away with her."

Cora sprang to her feet. Her eyes glared wildly, and she cried—

"Wretch, is this the way you keep your promises to me?"

"Yes—seize her."

The little innocent was again torn from its mother's arms. That mother struggled in very desperation, while her shrieks rent the air. Then she became unconscious.

In this condition the poor creature was conveyed to the prison where her husband was held. But by the time she arrived there, she had recovered.

The instant she saw Diego, she rushed to his side, and exclaimed—

"Oh, my husband, they have triumphed, and we are lost."

"Our child?"

"It is—oh, I cannot speak!"

"I will speak for her," cried Durango. "Your child has been dashed into pieces by being hurled from the top of the Capitol to the street."

"And you did this?"

"It was done by my orders."

"And your own child?"

"My child has been recovered, and is now safe at my mansion, and with its mother."

"Why have you brought my wife here?"

"To permit her to witness your death. After you are gone, then will come her turn. Do your work, men. I will learn these wretches to cross the path of Pedro Durango."

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.

Diego Corrientes was not the man to call upon his hand for assistance in an ordinary case, or when a matter referred especially to himself. He had, therefore, undertaken his present task without consulting any of them. They did not know even the motive which led their chief to the city.

It so happened, however, that several of them had arrived just in time to see Diego taken from the scaffold, and carried to the prison. The horseman, who had followed the carriage, was one of the band.

While the crowd were still upon the square, their feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, they saw Cora appear upon the roof of the Capitol, and raise the child as if to plunge it into the street below. A shudder ran through the multitude, and they held their breath in suspense.

It was only a short time before this member of the patriot band had learned all the particulars, and he mounted the scaffold, and calling the citizens around him, he repeated everything to them.

"Where is the woman?" was the general cry.

"Durango has taken her to the prison of St. Marguerite, for the purpose of torturing her with her husband. Shall we suffer this?"

"No—no!" cried the populace.

"Will you join me in saving both her and Diego?"

"Yes, we will—we will!"

"Look around you. See your murdered friends. If Corrientes were ruler, such scenes as this would no more disgrace our land."

"Corrientes shall be our ruler, let us haste to his rescue."

"But the guard will come upon us."

"Let them come! We will show them that we are no longer slaves. Lead us on."

At this instant Lazaro Arispe saw the soldiers bringing the children of Durango and Diego along the street. They turned towards the mansion.

"Let us rescue the child and return it to its mother," cried Lazaro, as he rushed forward, sword in hand.

He had now fully aroused the citizens, and with frantic shrieks they followed him. The children were both seized, and those who bore them stricken down.

By this time the guard had collected, and they made a furious charge among the people. But they now met a determined foe, and not a craven rabble.

The struggle became a desperate one. The blows of the soldiers were given with fearful results, and as each man fell under the steel, a defiant shout was sent back, and a guard stricken to the earth. The people appeared to be fairly maddened, and they never thought of yielding.

At length the soldiers saw that more than half their numbers had fallen, and they became panic-stricken. Turning, they fled from the square, leaving the rabble, whom they so detested, and professed to despise, the victors.

"To the prison! to the prison!" now came the cry.

Like giant billows, that mass of human beings surged towards the dungeons of St. Marguerite, their shrieks rending the air. Mingled with their cries, the name of Durango was uttered, and vengeance against

him was breathed by lips that never before demanded blood.

Lazaro reached the prison door, and entered.

The instant Cora saw her child, she caught it in her arms with a cry of wild delight. She also received little Lettie, who now clung to the woman for protection in her fright.

Diego was instantly released.

"Where are my guards?" shouted Durango, as he saw the infuriated mass of human beings rushing upon him.

But in an instant the wretch was seized. He groaned, he shrieked, and he struggled, but all to no purpose.

"To the scaffold with the wretch!" arose the cry.

Back the crowd went, dragging the tyrant with them. He begged, he prayed, and wept, but his prayers and tears availed him nothing.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Wonderful Echo.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Above where the county town of M— is situated, on the South Fork of the American River, in the state of California, is a cave noted for its remarkable echo, taking up voices and sounds and repeating them several times over. It was noted around the country, and was visited by many of the curious of the then new Golden state. The following is literally true:

A would-be dandy, in company with a lady, went to pay a visit to the wonderful Echo Cave. When they were near enough for their voices to reach the cave they halted. "Now hallow to it," said the lady.

"Hello-o!" called out the gentleman in a very loud voice.

Now to the right of the cave, and near it, sat a tired miner engaged in the laudable act of eating his dinner. Supposing that he was the person called to by the gentleman, he responded,

"Hello."

"It has answered you," said the lady. "Now, hallow again to it and ask it what it is doing."

"Hello-o, what are you doing there?" The answer came back clear and decisive, "None of your blamed business, you old corkscrew."

The lady turned with wonder in her eyes to the gentleman, saying,

"Indeed, this is a very wonderful echo." "Let us return, it appears to be out of humor this time," said the gentleman, and they returned to M— in perfect ignorance of the cause of the singular response.

S. S.

Take Me!

An affecting circumstance happened at Long Branch. Among some two hundred bathers were a lady and gentleman who had shown a slight partiality for each other's society. An immense wave unhappily carried the lady off her feet, and buried her for an instant in four feet of water. The gentleman hurried to her rescue, and on pulling her out she breathlessly exclaimed, with a mouth full of salt water—

"O, Augustus—dear—take me—I perish—have—mercy—take me, Augustus, and—O—O—O—take me!"

"Thanks, dearest," exclaimed Augustus, "you have made me very happy."

"Thanks—for what, sir?" coldly exclaimed the lady, taking a long breath.

"For your favorable answer to my proposal," said Augustus.

"Proposal? I heard none."

"O, yes, but you did, my dear—I made it when you were under the water, and you said yes, and told me to take you; and I mean to take you at your word."

"Ah—well—dear me—ask me—and—"

"Of course," said Augustus.

The pair will be made happy during the winter.

Spice.

A New York and Chicago merchant conversing on the railway train of the merits of their respective cities, the former remarked—

"But you must own New York is the great city—the metropolis, so to speak, of the country."

"Yes," remarked the Chicago man, "New York is a right smart place for business and enterprise, New York is the Chicago of the East."

This is not quite so bad as the Hoosier, who, on being asked his opinion, remarked—

"That New York was too far from Indianapolis ever to be much of a place."

The fellow who undertook to get a free pass on the plea that he was a railroad man is found to have spoken the truth, he was a rail rode man, but a fellow had hold of each end of the rail when he rode.

Another revolution—The earth's since yesterday.

A young writer wishes to know of us "which magazine will give me a high position the quickest." We reply a powder magazine, if you contribute a very article.

A Moral and Example.

"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and example. When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with all kinds of violence. I wonder it did not sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp, when it comes, have its bout and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—be quiet as Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined, as at this moment, to settle, then do as I do now."

Whereupon, dipping the feather end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wasp, and, in the softest and tenderest manner possible, soiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like a green waistcoat—when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute.

"There, girls," said I, "here is my moral and example—When a husband comes home in ill-humor, don't cry out and fly at him, but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wasp."

Complying with Instructions.

Count Spontek, the confidential adviser of the King of Greece, is a gentleman of fifty, possessed of extraordinary presence of mind. When he first went to Greece, he had with him on board the steamer a powerful Newfoundland dog, to which he was much attached. The dog one day fell overboard, and Count Spontek asked the captain of the vessel to have the engines stopped, that his dog might be saved. "Your excellency," replied the captain, "my instructions are to stop only when a man has fallen overboard."

"Very well," said the count, who is an excellent swimmer, and jumped overboard. The steamer stopped, and both the count and his dog were, five minutes afterward, again on board.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A short time ago, a little Beaver Dam boy, whom we will call Jimmy, was riding past a church, and some one remarked, in passing, that it was a Presbyterian church. "Papa," said Jimmy, "what makes them call it a Presbyterian church?" "I don't know," said the father; "I'm not very well posted in such matters. But I suppose it's only an arbitrary name, to distinguish it from other churches." Jimmy looked sober and thoughtful for a while, and then replied, with all earnestness, "Well, I guess it's called Presbyterian because the way they preach there makes the tears come." —Beaver Dam Citizen.



THE ENAMELLING PROCESS.

MY LADY.—"Good gracious, Hodson, do you mean to say that there's no more 'Arabian enamel' to be obtained? Why I'm positively cracking all over!"

HODSON (improving the occasion).—"So you are, my lady! And what's worse, my lady, it's beginning to chip off!"

THE CONTRAST.

BY PAUL RIVNRS.

"You are a great rich Sunflower, I am a Daisy poor; Why do you stand a-nosing Here at my humble door?"

"Go to the court of nature, And win you a stately bride, With beauty, and wealth, and station, To match with your birth and pride."

"There is the Lady Tulip, Waiting in proud repose, Dressed in the softest violet— Her royal cousin, Red Rose;"

"And there is the Princess Lily, Tender and full of grace, Ever toward your bowyer Turning her haughty face."

"I am only a peasant; The ladies at court would scorn To trail the hem of their garments O'er flower so humbly born!"

"Not for your beauty, Daisy, Not for your wealth or birth, Not for your station, Daisy, But for your modest worth."

So men of the Sunflower nature, Seeking the wide world through, Mate with the Daisy women, Simple, and sweet, and true.

§ A lady writer in the Broadway, in an article entitled "Ourselves," says, in comparing women to men: "Though we were certainly not sent into the world solely to supplement men's lives and to have no original objects of our own, still, we cannot do without their liking; and it is only right that we should set our watches by their time. They are clearer-headed than we; less prejudiced, if less conscientious; more generous when generous, and more tender when tender. When they love, they love better than we love, but less absorbingly. We give the whole of our lives to love, they keep one portion of theirs for work, and another for ambition. Still, the full measure of a gallon is more than the full measure of a pint; and weight for weight, the man's love is greater than the woman's."

COMPLIMENTARY.—A sentimental young lady lost a curly poodle on which she set great value, and which she fed with her own hands. Not long after the poodle had departed this transitory life, Fridolina was seen to contemplate with great pensiveness the countenance of a be-whiskered and be-ringed young man. "Fridolina, my dear," said her maiden aunt, a very proper old lady, "don't look so at young Frizly; he'll think you are in love with him." "I can't help it, Aunt Sophia," replied Fridolina, with tears in her lovely eyes, "his expression is so like Moppets!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Manure.

Ideas have changed very much of late about the treatment of animal manure, especially since the very careful experiments of Professor Voeckler at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, in England, the results of which are published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society. These experiments seem to prove that there is no place so good for the storing of farmyard manure as the surface of the field where it is to be used. The longer it is exposed to the action of the air (and prevented from an injurious decomposition, as when built up into heaps,) the more thoroughly it is prepared for assimilation, and the more evenly are its assimilable parts distributed through the soil. If the manure is at once ploughed under, the soluble portions of each lump of manure will be taken up and held fast by the soil immediately in contact with it, for water cannot distribute fertilizing matters in the soil. So long as the manure lies on the surface, its parts, as fast as they are disengaged by decomposition, are washed into the soil by the water of rains, and distributed much more evenly (carried to many more of its particles) than they could be in any other way.

If the object is simply to get the manure into the best condition for the use of the grass crop, you may safely spread it upon your meadows without any preliminary treatment. Of course it is best to have the manure as fine as possible, but it is not good economy to attain this result by means of "laying by for a year," nor by any other

process which would be attended with the evolution of volatile ammonia and the washing of soluble salts.

Cow manure may be kept an indefinite time if protected from sun and rain. Horse manure would be most effectively used by being spread upon the land as fast as it is produced. Left by itself in heaps, even under cover, it undergoes a destructive fermentation.

How to Keep Eggs Fresh.

As detailed in the Maine Farmer, the following very simple plan we have never tried, and know nothing practically whether it be effectual or not. We found it in the "Farm Journal," quoted from the "English Agricultural Gazette." We pass it over to our readers for their consideration.

Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes, (each one and a half inches in diameter,) as you can. I find that a board two feet and six inches in length, and one foot wide, has five dozen in it, say twelve rows of five each.

Then take four strips two inches broad, and nail them together into a rectangular frame. Nail this board upon the frame, and the work is done, unless you choose to nail a heading around the top.

Put your eggs in this board as they come from the poultry house, the small end down, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precautions:—Take care that the eggs do not get wet, either in the nest or afterwards. (In summer, hens are fond of laying among the weeds or grass, and any eggs taken from such nests in wet weather, should be put away for immediate use.) Keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in winter. If two boards be kept, one can be filling while the other is emptying.

The writer accounts for the preservation of eggs in this way, by supposing that the yolk floats more equally in the white, and has less tendency to sink down against the shell, than when the egg is laid on one side—certainly, if the yolk touches the shell it spoils immediately.

Sending Hay to England.

Our readers have probably been aware, before reading this, that several cargoes of hay have been exported from the United States to England lately to supply deficiencies in the crop there. An English paper speaking of samples of this hay pronounces it "extremely coarse,—more like dried rushes than the product of a meadow."

From this we should judge the sample examined by the English paper to be of a very inferior quality. It is not surprising that a vigorous growth of hay—red top and clover with a proportion of herds-grass, (timothy,) also even the fault-finding English farmers would have been satisfied. We do not think this business of sending hay to England will amount to much or will be likely to be continued. The high price at home and the cost of exportation will make the profits small, while the risks are large.

Maine Farmer.

RECEIPTS.

COCONUT CUSTARD.—Take 1 grated coconut, 1 quart milk, 4 eggs, sweetened to taste. This will make four puddings.

PREMIUM CORN BREAD.—Seal a pint of Indian meal, add to it a pint of sponge, half a teaspoon molasses, small teaspoon saleratus, stir in flour with a spoon until quite stiff, put in pan, let it rise, and bake it one hour.

CAUTIONS AGAINST THE SKIN OF RAISINS.—It has been noticed that several children have died from convulsions produced by eating the skins of raisins. Dr. Dewees, of Boston, mentions the deaths of three children from this cause, and remarks that there is no stomach, unless it be that of the ostrich, that can master the skin of the raisin.

TO RESTORE COLORS TAKEN OUT BY ACID, &c.—Hartshorn rubbed on a silk or woollen garment will restore the color without injuring it. Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease or drops of paint out of cloth; apply it till the paint can be scraped off. Rub French chalk or magnesin on silk or ribbon that has been greased and hold near the fire; this will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

HINTS ON MAKING GUM.—Procure two ounces of the best gum Arabic at the chemist's. Take one moderately-sized lump of white sugar, and crush them both together until reduced to a fine powder. Dilute it in eight tablespoonfuls of cold water for four-and-twenty hours, one ounce to four tablespoonfuls. When strained it is fit for use.

THE RIBBLER.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We have concluded not to publish any more price Enigmas, Problems, &c., except such as we may decide to offer ourselves.—Editor Ribbler.

Enigma.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 52, 33, 42, 1, 13, is a bill drawn for money.
My 23, 2, 39, 44, 19, is a young person.
My 10, 53, 13, 17, 3, is an excellent drink.
My 19, 49, 29, 32, 3, is reputation.
My 45, 12, 4, 20, 41, is a creeping animal.
My 47, 15, 5, 30, 36, is a vehicle.
My 21, 24, 40, 6, 28, is coin used in trade.
My 37, 41, 7, 14, 43, is transparent.
My 18, 48, 51, 7, 44, is a species of corn.
My 38, 21, 7, 16, 51, is a bond servant.
My 25, 8, 35, 13, 54, is concord.
My 26, 11, 34, 8, 46, is a concentered juice.
My 27, 50, 9, 22, 33, is a kind of tree.
My whole is one of "Poor Richard's" proverbs. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Bryan, Ohio.

Problem.

A merchant bought several yards of silk for \$30—out of which he reserved 10 yards, and sold the remainder for \$28, gaining one-sixth as many cents on a yard as one yard cost him. How many yards did he buy, and at what price? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

§ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

It is required to find the length of the longest ladder that can be slid up a vertical wall, under an obstacle which is 2 feet and 3 inches from the wall and 5 feet and 4 inches from the ground.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

§ An answer is requested.

Problem for the Boys.

If a cubic foot of iron were drawn into a square bar one-half inch square. Required—its length, provided one-twelfth of the metal wasted.

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, Miami Co., O.

§ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

§ Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Ans.—Unquestionably.

§ Is there another which contains them in regular succession? Ans.—Facetiously.

§ Where did Joseph go when he was fifteen? Ans.—On to sixteen.

§ Why is Christmas-day like a pulpit? Ans.—Because it is kept in churches.

§ What thing is that which was born without a soul, and when it got a soul could only keep it three days, and when it died it went neither to Heaven nor to hell? Ans.—The whale that swallowed Jonah.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 22nd—4 inches. W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, F. M. Priest, J. N. Soders, W. B. Mullin. Width of the frame 1-6 of an inch. S. S. Knox. Width of frame—12-44 plus inches. A. Reid.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—20 feet. A. Martin, J. N. Soders, F. M. Priest. The length of the front rafters is 25.8 plus feet. W. T. Stonebraker. Length of the shorter rafter is 11.5 plus feet. S. S. Knox.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date—44.66 seconds. J. S. Phebus. 44.67 seconds. J. N. Soders. 43.14 plus seconds. C. A. Benjamin. 17.18 plus seconds. W. T. Stonebraker. 44.6712 seconds. F. M. Priest.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 23rd—144 and 64 square rods. W. H. Morrow, J. S. Phebus, A. Reid, W. T. Stonebraker, W. B. Mullin, F. M. Priest, and J. N. Soders. 144 and 60 rods. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to W. T. Stonebraker's PROBLEM of same date—6 feet. W. T. Stonebraker, J. M. Greenwood, J. N. Soders, F. M. Priest, W. B. Mullin, A. Reid, and J. S. Phebus.

GRAVY SOUP.—Nothing is better than skin of beef for this soup, though pieces of the rump and other parts are used; the skin should be sawed in several places, and the marrow extracted; this, if laid in the bottom of the saucepan, will take the place of butter; if marrow is not forthcoming, butter must be employed; take a fourth of the quantity of ham, stew gently until the gravy is extracted, care being taken it does not burn; a little water may be employed by the inexperienced, but not much; when it has nearly dried up again, put in herbs, a couple of carrots cut very small, pepper ground, salt, a little white sugar (this can be omitted, but it materially adds to the flavor); add boiling water in requisite quantity, and stew gently for five hours; when cold, remove the fat, and warm up as wanted.

WHITE SOUP.—General directions for white stock have been given, but to prevent mistake, take a knuckle of veal, separated into three or four pieces, a slice of ham as lean as possible, a few onions, thyme, cloves, and mace, stew twelve or fourteen hours, until the stock is as rich as the ingredients can make it; an old fowl will make it much richer, if added. This soup must be made the day before it is required; when removed from the fire, after sufficiently stewed, let it cool, and then remove the fat, add to it four ounces of pounded blanched almonds, let it boil slowly, thicken it with half a pint of cream and an egg; it should boil slowly for half an hour, and then be served.

PUDDING SAUCE, No. 1.—One coffee cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, and one egg, beaten together a long time, flavor with lemon or vanilla. Before taking it to the table turn on three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, stir it enough to mix it.

SUET PUDDING.—One pound of suet, five potatoes boiled and mashed, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, and one cup of raisins chopped fine, one teaspoonful of soda, and any kind of spice to suit the taste. Use flour enough to mix like bread, and boil three hours in a tin boiler.

ONE OF THE BEST INVESTMENTS.

THE First Mortgage BONDS

OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

850 MILES COMPLETED.

A limited amount of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company are offered to the public, as one of the safest and most profitable investments.

1. They are a first mortgage upon the longest and most important railroad in the country.
2. By law they can be issued to the Company only as the road is completed, so that they always represent a real value.
3. Their amount is limited by act of Congress to Fifty Million Dollars on the entire Pacific line, or an average of less than \$30,000 per mile.
4. Hon. E. D. Morgan, of the United States Senate, and Hon. Oakes Ames, of the United States House of Representatives, are the trustees for the bondholders, to see that all their interests are protected.
5. Five Government Directors, appointed by the President of the United States, are responsible to the country for the management of its affairs.
6. Three United States Commissioners must certify that the road is well built and equipped, and in all respects a first-class railway, before any bonds can be issued upon it.
7. The United States Government lends the Company its own bonds to the same amount that the Company issues, for which it takes a second mortgage as security.
8. As additional aid, it makes an absolute donation of 13,000 acres of land to the mile, lying upon each side of the road.
9. The bonds pay six per cent. in gold, and the principal is also payable in gold.
10. The earnings from the local or way business were over FOUR MILLION DOLLARS last year, which, after paying operating expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest. These earnings will be vastly increased on the completion of the entire line in 1893.
11. No political action can reduce the rate of interest. It must remain for thirty years—six per cent. per annum in gold, now equal to between eight and nine per cent. in currency. The principal is then payable in gold. If a bond, with such guarantees, were issued by the Government, its market price would not be less than from 20 to 25 per cent. premium. As these bonds are issued under Government authority and supervision, upon what is very largely a Government work, they must ultimately approach Government prices. No other corporate bonds are made so secure.
12. The issue will soon be exhausted. The sales have sometimes been half a million a day, and nearly twenty millions have already been sold. About ten millions more may be offered. It is not improbable that at some time not far distant, all the remainder of the bonds the Company can issue will be taken by some combination of capitalists and withdrawn from the market, except at a large advance. The long time, the high gold interest, and the perfect security, make these bonds very valuable for export.

All the predictions which the officers of this Company have made in relation to the progress and business success of their enterprise, or the value and advance in the price of their securities, have been more than confirmed, any they therefore suggest that parties who desire to invest in their bonds will find it to their advantage to do so at once.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED IN PHILADELPHIA BY DE HAVEN & BROTHER, 40 SOUTH THIRD STREET. W. PAINTER & CO., 36 SOUTH THIRD STREET. SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO., 16 SOUTH THIRD STREET, AND IN NEW YORK At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street, and by John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States. Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP WAS ISSUED Oct. 1st, containing a report of the progress of the work to that date, and a more complete statement in relation to the value of the bonds than can be given in an advertisement, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Oct. 6th, 1893. Treasurer, New York.

GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES

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Silver Hunting Watches \$18 00 Gold Hunting Watches, 18 karat cases 80 00 Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' size 70 00

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§ Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.

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